

ALL THE DARK RACES DESTROY THE WHITES? BY COLONEL E. M. HOUSE

NOV 30,
1935

Liberty 5¢



MARCHING MADMEN—

The Truth, Never Told
Before, of the Tigris
Expedition under
General Townshend

A SAGA OF
DESERT BAYONETS

WILL HOLLYWOOD MOVE TO ENGLAND?
BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

PIGSKIN SHERLOCKS
BY GLENN S. "POP" WARNEY

A brand-new, grand new toast to Thanksgiving!
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. . .

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MAY GOD HELP THE CONSUMER!

IN organization there is strength. Unorganized units may be on their way but their destination is doubtful.

Due to the lack of organization the consuming public has been given a raw deal. Throughout the entire depression their interests were given but little attention. To be sure, there was an official consumers' committee which was supposed to protect the buying public. But the members of this committee were businessmen more interested in business promotion than the protection of consumers.

The officials of the administration seem to have acquired the impression that prosperity comes from high prices and high wages. During periods of great business activity high prices and high wages generally prevail, therefore business revival must come from such sources. But it is prosperity that brings us high wages and higher prices, not the reverse.

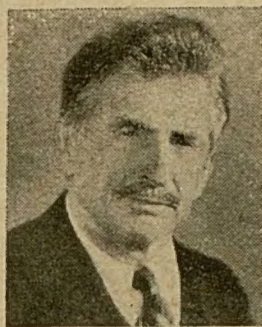
When the NRA was introduced extraordinary efforts were made to raise the wages of the workers. Industry was encouraged to raise prices and add to its profits. Even the Sherman antitrust law was nullified for the time being in some instances.

But who cared about the consumer? There was no chance for him to be heard—there was no organization to protect him. Nevertheless he had to pay all the bills and he should have been represented.

The processing tax, for example, raised the price of all farm products. And although some of the farmers were rewarded by the collection of this tax, all of them would have undoubtedly preferred receiving a better price for their products rather than to accept a handout from the government.

When Secretary Wallace started his destruction of crops, hogs, cattle, etc., as a means of raising prices, the drought that followed was not a part of his plan, and the processing tax could have been discarded then and there. But the politics back of this plan assumed too much importance. This direct contact with the farmers would be valuable at election time.

The high prices that were automatically created by the efforts of Secretary Wallace and much stimulated by the widespread drought brought us imports



BERNARR
MACFADDEN

from other countries to the value of hundreds of millions of dollars. It has been roughly estimated that thirteen million acres of land would have been required to raise the products which were imported due to Wallace's control policy. If we had counted the export business we lost because of his efforts, it has been stated, approximately twenty-five million acres of land could have been used.

And if we should estimate a profit of, say, ten dollars an acre for these twenty-five million acres of land, the farmers of this country would have lost two hundred and fifty million dollars.

The consumer has been compelled to pay the price for all this wasteful experimentation, and, although they may complain now and then, they are powerless. They are unorganized. However, they can do some organizing for the next election. That is their only chance for relief.

Theorizing is desirable at times, but there should be sound, well thought out conclusions back of governmental efforts which affect the entire nation. Organized bodies are entitled to an appropriate amount of attention, but it is the paramount duty of officials to protect the ordinary everyday citizen in his inalienable rights in every emergency.

Farm products, for example, are sometimes increased several hundred per cent in price by middlemen before they reach the consumer. The consumer should come more directly in contact with the producing farmer. In this way prices would be made lower to the consumer and the farmer would receive added revenue.

It might be well also for the consumer to know that part of the added increase in price represents the high taxes that are here, with still more to come.

Although the consumer may make his vote count at election time, an organization that really represents the consuming public would undoubtedly accomplish worth-while results.

Bernarr Macfadden

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B E G I N N I N G MARCHING MADMEN

The Truth, Never Told Before, of the Tigris Expedition
Under General Townshend... A Saga of Desert Bayonets

THREE years ago Liberty gave its readers the first inside revelations of service in the Foreign Legion—Hell Hounds' by ex-Legionnaire 1384, in collaboration with W. J. Blackledge. Now Mr. Blackledge comes forward with his own war experiences, the heretofore untold story of the Mesopotamian campaign. He found it far more difficult to record his own adventures. "Damn it," he protested, "I want to forget it! I go into a nightmare every time I open my diary."

Finally he was prevailed upon to go through with the narrative that begins in this issue of Liberty. It affords a graphic and revealing first-hand picture of the campaign—that bloody tragic side show of the World War.

Look at the map of Mesopotamia on the opposite page, and at the head of the Persian Gulf you see Fao. Here, on November 26, 1914, the British completed their landing of troops for a purpose of tremendous importance. Oil fields in southern Persia were their navy's source of supply; these must be protected. British authority east of Suez must be formidably asserted. Any German-guided Turkish thrust from Bagdad toward the "life line of the Empire" must be forestalled.

As you will remember, this British operation began gloriously, only to break down into disaster—which, to be sure, was retrieved later in the war. The Turkish forces far outnumbered the Anglo-Indian troops and British territorials under General Townshend's command. Insufficient transport helped to cripple an army that was to be, for the most part, exterminated during the siege of Kut.

Liberty presents *Marching Madmen* in the belief that it constitutes a powerful argument against war.

PART ONE—"WE DID NOT LOSE A MAN"

THERE has never been a better way of defining war than to say it is hell. Everybody has said it. Nobody does much about it. War goes on, and goes on being hell. I might as well repeat it along with the rest: War is hell!

I ought to know, even though I have a pretty hazy idea of the hell that comes hereafter. I do, surely, know the



Major General Charles V. F. Townshend,
the commander in chief in Mesopotamia.

by W. J. BLACKLEDGE

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

hell that is war. I claim I know more about it than the next man—for there are hells and hells, just as there are wars and wars.

I look at my sons in this peaceful English garden, and I pray to high heaven they may never open their eyes to the horrors that have rotted my senses. I pray while I know they're dreaming of adventure in distant lands—such dreams as are in all young hearts. Could they but learn the truth. . . .

It's hard to get at the truth. The truth isn't in the history books. You hear snatches of it now and then from the sour lips of "disgruntled," broken-down veterans—but no one believes what they say.

Take this Mesopotamian campaign. General Townshend wrote a book about it.* Well, it was a good general's book. When generals write books, they write what it's safe for the public to know. They tell some of the things they saw—the nicer things; and leave out the things they didn't see—particularly the nasty things. Why bring those up? they reason.

General Townshend didn't—*couldn't*—tell the whole truth.

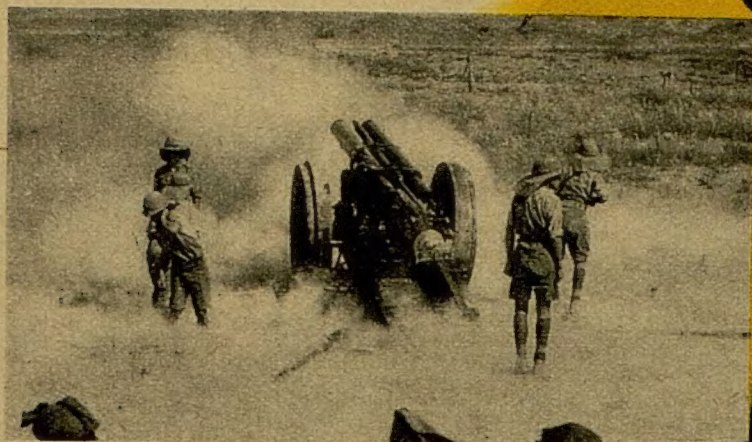
I never thought I could bring myself to tell the truth about this war. For a long time I fought the thought of it. But the war babies of my generation now are ripe wheat. My boys are coming of fodder age. I can't do much about it, but I'll do what I can.

I'll tell what I saw. I'll tell as much as I can bring myself to say—and as much as the editor of Liberty will print. It's time the truth was known. Even I can't get across all the truth—it's too horrible, too hard to stomach. Much is unprintable. But I'll tell more than has ever been told before.

I expect to be damned as a liar. The fellow who tells the truth, too much of it, generally is. The whole truth is so often incredible to those who have been brought up on soft food, school textbooks and censored news reports. Well, that's not too bad. Those who dispute me will have the records on their side more or less—the records that

*My Campaign in Mesopotamia, by Major-General Townshend.

Below: A British field gun in action in Mesopotamia. A river barge arriving at Basra with Anglo-Indian sick and wounded. Bottom: The advance up the Tigris.



I can see him now, bearing down on me. Wild eyes, twisted mouth! He had me.

leave so much out. I'm not going to let official records hem me in. I will tell what I saw. That's about all I can do.

Let's quit my garden and my boys. Another boy quit that garden in 1914—myself. I can see him clearly. A kid in his teens—oh, so very much a kid! Fair hair, blue eyes, color in his cheeks. Young England.

He had dreams. He had ideals. The world was a glorious place to be born into; it was made to order. You've been young; you know how it goes.

The most sin he'd done had been boyhood pranks. Once he kissed a girl. Once he drank more than two pints of ale and was terribly sick. That about summed it up.

Then he went to war.

And soon murder and lust were in the bread he ate and the slime he drank and in the reeking air he breathed. Murder and lust, no less. . . .

Historians have written that the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force steamed into the Persian Gulf, disembarked in boats, and landed without losing a man. One wrote: "A naval and military party landed and occupied Fao fort and town. The Turkish infantry decamped at an early stage, and we did not lose a single man." * The author wrote from the record; he makes clear he was not in the original landing. All I have to say is that

*The Long Road to Baghdad, by Edmund Candler.



Mesopotamia in November, 1914, when Britain declared war on Turkey and struck to protect her Persian oil supply.



"No sooner on dry land than we met terrific enfilade of fire. Men dropped all around me, mown down like sheep."

I was there. Here are my impressions, from my diary:

November 26, 1914. We landed. God knows why. Terrible mess. Scores of men drowned before my eyes as we

scrambled from boats to shore. No sooner on dry land than we met terrific enfilade of fire. Men dropped all around me, mown down like rotten sheep by fire of jeering Turks. Ghastly. We had not covered five hundred yards of this strange land when two whole companies of Scotch Highlanders, in the front line, were wiped out.

Ghurkas and Punjabis running with us and yelling excitedly. I saw some drop with hands clasped around their middles. Queer expressions on their dark faces. Horrible slaughter. We ran blindly, crouching low, throwing our bodies flat on the sand, firing blindly. It seemed an age—running head down toward hail of lead.

Could not see. Maybe I closed my eyes. It was awful—



Illustration by
Walter M. Baumhofer

that yelling—screams of pain, rattle of fire. Chattering machine guns raking us with hot lead.

I was sick. Hundreds dropped in those terrible minutes. Dead lying around in heaps. Stumbling over them. Felt a coward. Wanted to stop a bullet so I could get it over. I knew we could not survive anyhow.

It had to come. Mine—the one with my name on it. A hot stinging jab in the shoulder. Strange giddiness. Then blindness. I fell. . . .

DOES that sound as though “we did not lose a single man”? If it was a nightmare, the awakening was real enough as I lay in the improvised hospital at Basra. Nor was I the only patient.

Basra, or Bussorah as it is known to lovers of the Arabian Nights, reeks with history. It is two thousand years old, and has yielded to the sway of Saracens and other desert peoples. It has known the rule of Persian,

Turk, and Arab. It was from here that Sindbad the Sailor set sail on some of his voyages of discovery.

The ancient port is on the Shatt al Arab River (the Euphrates and the Tigris united), but is so near its mouth as to be virtually on the Persian Gulf.

This important base was occupied by the British force.

On the next stretcher in that shakedown of a hospital was a young American, Steve Barry. There was an assorted bunch there—Scots, Irish, Welsh, as well as some dark-hues from India. Steve, however, was the only American I met, or was to meet, on the firing line. I believe there were others, but I didn't bump into them.

During the long hours of painful just lying there, Steve and I talked of our nightmare baptism of fire. He told me he had seen my blind advance and that henceforth my name was to be Tiger. The nickname stuck throughout the campaign.

Steve had been in India when the war broke out, having worked his passage round the globe. He was older than I, and hard as nails. He had joined up in the belief he might get a kick out of this war. He did.

Because of the flies and the heat and the stench, it did not take us long to get away from that gory casualty station. We found ourselves marching with the column that was advancing on Qurna. This town, being at the junction of the Euphrates and the Tigris, was of great strategic importance, since its capture would give the British control of the passageway to the two rivers, and secure the safety of the oil wells—the chief reason, probably, for our being in Mesopotamia. It was about forty miles up the river from Basra.

JOHNNY TURK knew all about its importance. We had to fight hard for it. Our big trouble was to distinguish friend from foe among the local Arabs. They would range themselves on the side that was winning. We'd play safe by treating them as enemies until we had taken a position.

In the advance on Qurna we had to take a desert village with an unpronounceable name like Meezra. As we came within sight of the huddle of habitations we deployed into line for the charge.

The Turks rose up in a sandy cloud to meet us. We were soon at close quarters.

It was my first taste of battle after that landing. Now we were in better state and there were more of us. We had the Turks at a disadvantage on the sloping ground.

Men must be a bit crazy to bring off a charge like that. We yelled and jabbed, as it struck me, like maniacs. But later in the campaign I ceased to look at it that way. It's amazing how one can adapt oneself to slaughter. It was all pretty much a matter of individual self-defense; you had to get the other fellow before he had a chance to get you. Yet it proved very different from sticking stuffed sacks in training camp.

Perhaps it was by instinct that I kept by Steve's side. He was like a big brother to me. More than once he saved me from being on the receiving end of an ugly jab. He was an old hand and knew most of the tricks.

I remember giving the jerking twist that releases the bayonet and swinging around to meet the next burly black-bearded customer. I can see him now, bearing down on me. Wild eyes, twisted mouth! He had me—but Steve's rifle came down with a crack on the man's head.

“Come on, you damned sons of Allah!” yelled Steve. He was in his element, and as noisy as any Turk.

Slowly we forced them back and back, jabbing and slashing, floundering and stumbling over dead and wounded. There could be no turning back. We had to take Meezra before nightfall because there was a much more important job ahead.

We inched our way with streaming bayonets. The gray dust rose in clouds. Suffocating. Sometimes there was a break in the line and we would race forward, only to be pulled up by a massed rank of glistening saw bayonets.

Then we were at it again. Through it all I could hear Steve yell every now and then his “O.K., Tiger?”

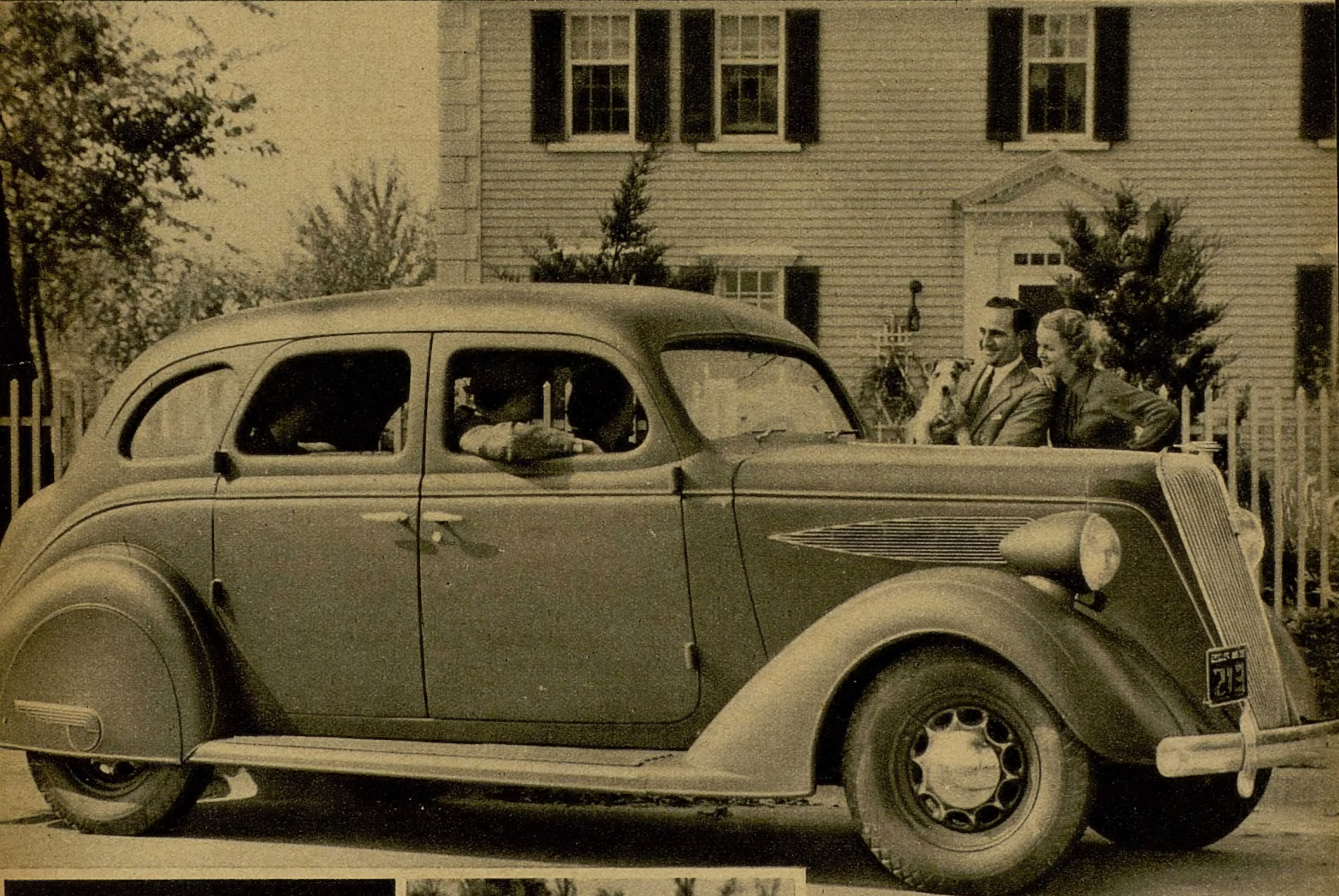
“O.K. my foot!” My answer always amused him, and he'd plunge into the fray with renewed ferocity.

The Turks broke away (Continued on page ten)



\$10

TO NAME THIS



LOOK AT ALL
THE ROOM LEFT
FOR YOU!



ACTUAL UNRETOUCHED PHOTOGRAPH OF NASH DeLuxe "400" FOUR-DOOR SEDAN

\$665

and up f. o. b. factory. DeLuxe models only \$10 to \$25 higher. 1936 LaFayette \$595 and up, f. o. b. factory. Special equipment extra. NEW 6% C.I.T. TIME PAYMENT PLAN. Simple, convenient terms. No lower rates in the industry.

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Also new 1936 Ambassador models in two series... big, luxurious, 125-inch wheelbase... priced at only \$835 and up, f. o. b. factory!

A WIDER FRONT SEAT THAN IN CARS COSTING TWICE AS MUCH! The new Nash "400" is a great big six-passenger car! More headroom than in cars costing over \$2,000! More legroom, too. Insulated against heat and cold.

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AMAZING NEW KIND OF Motor!

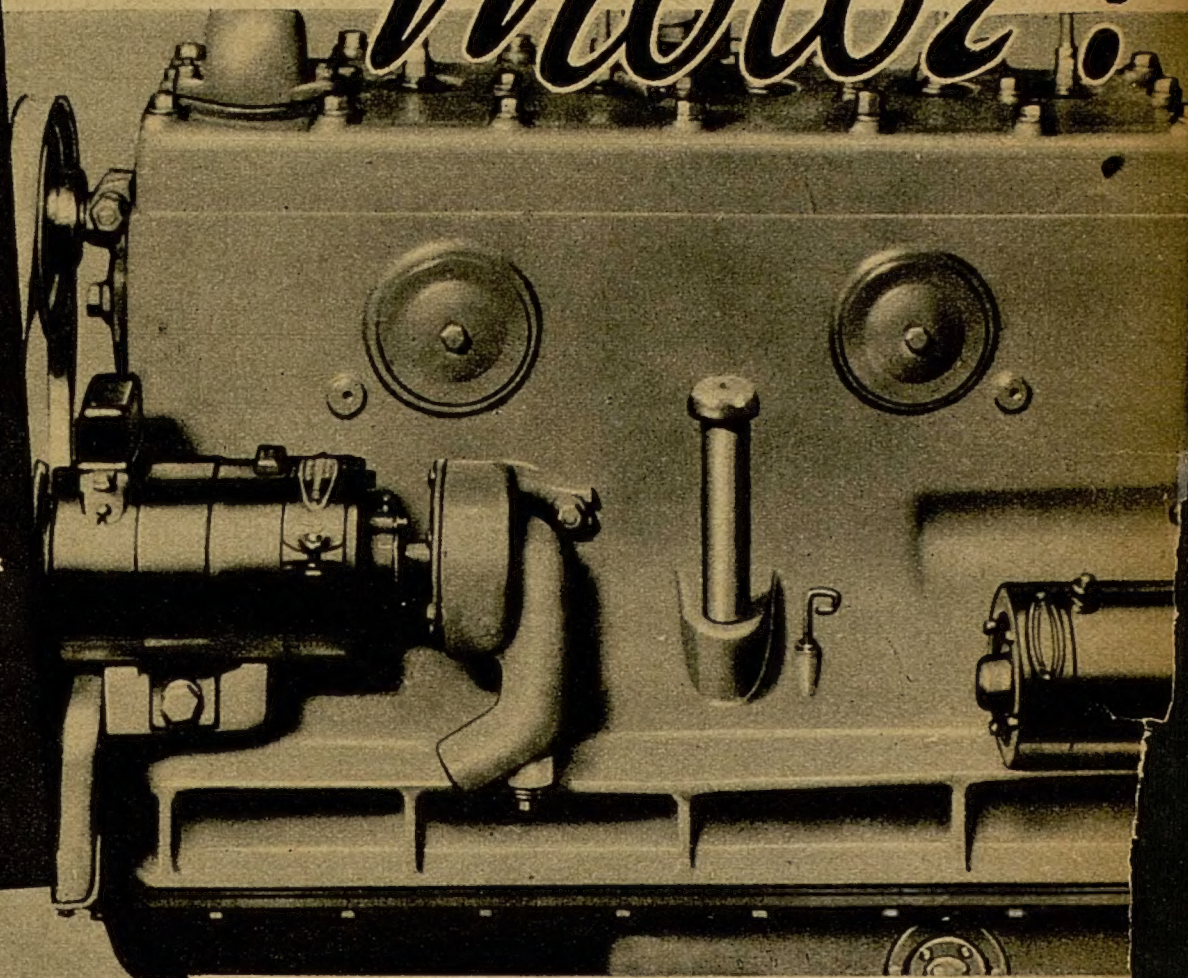
WHAT NAME would describe a marvelous new kind of motor—based on an entirely new engineering discovery—a motor so simplified that it has 509 fewer parts . . . so powerful that it's loafing at "70" . . . so economical that it permits former small-car owners to change to a big, luxurious car and save gas and oil money in the bargain!

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But this year, the big news of the automobile world is the amazing new *kind* of motor in the new Nash "400"! A motor based on an important new engineering discovery! A motor so simplified in design that it has 509 fewer parts! A motor so powerful, so smooth, so effortless, that we're offering \$10,000 in cash prizes just to find words that will even describe it!

But that's only part of the story. We've made the new Nash "400" a big, luxurious SUPER-SAFETY car! It's a much WIDER, lower car, with a wider rear tread in relation to height and length than other cars . . . because 126% more auto fatalities happen on curves than

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We've given it the world's first seamless, one-piece, all-steel body with girder-steel frame, steel roof, steel floor! And GREAT BIG SUPER-HYDRAULIC BRAKES—larger in relation to car weight than in any other car at any price! All of these vital safety features—and many others—in a car with a motor that provides the instant pick-up and speed that often avoid those accidents that even the best brakes can't prevent!

Go to the nearest Nash-LaFayette showroom today. Ride behind this sensational new kind of motor in the Nash "400". Then tell us what words would describe it. There's nothing to buy. It's fun . . . it's easy to do. Anyone can win one of the 620 cash prizes. The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin.



WHY YOU CAN STOP IT QUICKER THAN ANY CAR EVER BUILT! The new Nash "400" has great big super-hydraulic brakes—larger in relation to car weight than those on any other car at any price! Quick stops. No swerving. Brakes last years longer.



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NASH

"400"

* Anyone can enter this easy contest. Nothing to buy. Just get simple rules and free entry booklet at Nash display at Auto Shows or at any Nash LaFayette showroom.

Nash Automatic Cruising available at slight extra cost. Reduces engine revolutions per minute at high speed as much as 25% in gasoline as much as 50% in oil.

(Continued from page seven) toward a palm grove. We required no orders to stop them from getting into shelter. We raced after them hell for leather.

Yelling women and barking dogs added to the din as we neared the farmsteads that fringed the desert village. In a deadly sort of hide-and-seek, we stumbled among the date palms, picking our men and taking pot shots.

Apparently we had turned the enemy's flank; though we could only guess at such things. We did know there was a bunch of Turks bottled up in this belt of palms.

It was like stepping into a den of man-sized rats with their backs to the wall. Men should not alter to mad beasts. But we did. We were soldiers; this was war.

When we staggered out and shuffled toward the village, not a Turk was left standing. I remember hanging on to Steve's belt. I was weary and sick; my stomach was "gone."

"Stop blubbering, you——!" snapped Steve. I needed that to snap me out of it.

In possession of Meezra, we camped among the huts. The now friendly Arabs were offering up their possessions—which included their womenfolk.

Of course women and other loot were very much frowned upon by "special orders." Yet you can't make utter beasts of men and then keep their thoughts washed behind the ears.

Guards were turned out. Somebody was calling "Char up," *char* being the Hindustani for good Indian tea. We scrambled to the field kitchen and filled our dixie cans with the steaming fluid. It was nectar.

We sat down upon the village of Meezra and thought ourselves conquerors. We had hardly begun.

It should be understood that Mesopotamia is largely a flat sanded waste, with many miles of barrenness between the towns and the occasional date-palm groves. At that time the country was entirely without railroads, the only means of transport being the camel and the donkey. At various stages of the advance we collected river craft, but these were inadequate as support in action or transport for an advancing force.

The Indian government, responsible for the campaign up to the fall of Kut, seemed unaware of the fact that an ever-advancing army requires an increasing body of transport to bring up rations, equipment, and ammunition. As this is written, I am wondering if Mussolini will show that he has learned from our campaign.

As for us, we just muddled on from day to day—went on to our doom, and obeying orders.

SOMEBODY once referred to Mesopotamian Force D as "hastily raised and improvised soldiers." Correct. For the most part we were raw enough, though the edges were rubbed off before long.

It always amused me, however, to hear the enemy's force contemptuously referred to as "irregulars." A great many were troops sent to Iraq in disgrace, but they had nothing to be ashamed of in their courage.

Meanwhile, with the tea there were bully beef and hard biscuits—"iron rations." That night Steve and I were among the bunch dragged out for patrol.

Out we went, trudging around and about the cluster of hovels in the darkness. Occasionally we would see a feeble glimmer through the cracks of a shuttered house.

The village was as silent as the grave. The muffled howls of a jackal pack on the prowl came to us at times.

We had to do our three hours. In that blackness and silence they felt like three years. Once our ser-

geant darted forward and grabbed at a slinking figure.

None of us had much Arabic on our tongues in those early days, but we gathered that the Arab was protesting his innocence before Allah. He was unfortunate. We had our orders. The villagers had received theirs: they were not to move out of their homes after dusk.

The poor devil was booted along until he came to the house he pointed out as his. The sergeant went inside with him—an overconfidence primed with curiosity.

The patrol stayed outside, waiting for the N.C.O. to come out. We smoked and waited for quite a while.

We grew uneasy. One of us suggested that the household was probably treating the sergeant to a mug of arrack—that potent liquor distilled from dates.

Then we heard a yell. It was followed by a deadly silence.

We ran to the house, crashing the gate into a courtyard. Steve took the lead, waving a flashlight.

HE led us through an open doorway. The room we plunged into was pitch dark and seemed empty. Then Steve called out. He had found the sergeant huddled up in a corner of another room. He was green about the gills, his face twisted with pain.

"After I walked in," he gasped, "the dirty Arab called to his women. Three of 'em ran in. Wildcats! One up with her foot—and I felt like I'd die. Get me out of this."

Two of the boys picked him up and hustled him back to the lines. The rest of us started to search the house, hungry for revenge.

The Arab was nowhere to be found. But half a dozen of the searchers found the women. Steve prodded my elbow. "Come on, kid, let's take the air."

We waited outside. Sometime later the others joined us. They felt that the sergeant had been amply avenged.

The campaign went on. We made a flanking movement toward the Tigris—minus the seriously injured sergeant, who was sent down the line.

There was a naval party coming upstream, but when we joined the main force we found that the army must get afloat as well.

The river had overflowed its banks for miles, as far as the eye could reach. Here and there were oases of palms. The native villages on higher ground stood out

like little islands in a great sea.

Obviously we could advance only in boats. The transport had to make wide detours, which resulted in disaster and delay. The Turks had their artillery in position on a range of sand hills, and held the advantage. To us of the ranks it looked like an impossible task.

There were two brigades in that action. We used all sorts of river craft, including about three hundred *bellums*—long, graceful native boats that could be poled or rowed. Most of these were armored by fixing machine-gun shields on the bows.

We had to cross the flood to the eastern bank of the Tigris and beat the enemy out of their entrenched positions. The sand hills on which the Turks had set their field guns were named Norfolk Hill, Two-Gun Hill, One-Tower Hill, and the like.

In that advance our naval unit kept up a terrific gunfire while the troops labored with the *bellums*, pushing, rowing, punting, struggling with the thick weeds—in which Arabs were hidden; scrambling through deep-water currents, working and fighting like galley slaves in order to close up with the enemy's redoubts which all the while were showering shrapnel on us.

Scores flopped out of (Continued on page twelve)



W. J. BLACKLEDGE

served not only in the Mesopotamian campaign but throughout the World War, seeing service also in Egypt and India. After the war he did newspaper and magazine work till authorship claimed him. His contributions to *Liberty* include *Hell Riders* and (with *Ex-Legionnaire 1384*) both *Hell Hounds!* and *Hell Hounds at Bay Again!*

YOUR OPPORTUNITY FOR SERVICE

JOIN



Still the Greatest Mother

RENEW YOUR MEMBERSHIP IN THE
RED CROSS

(Continued from page ten) those bellums with heat stroke and never were seen again. Others were knocked out with shot and shell. And what chance has a wounded man when pitched into weed-strewn waters far beyond his depth?

The rest of us had to keep going. We dared not stop to help the wounded; we had to cross.

Finally our boats scraped the sand at the foot of one of the hills manned by Turks. We scrambled out and raced toward their redoubt. Shells were screaming over our heads in both directions. A young infantry captain suddenly crumpled to the ground. Others fell close about me.

The gunfiring ceased. A white flag was run up.

We found that the redoubt was blasted flat. There were two Krupp fieldpieces as prizes and a wounded Turkish officer. The rest had taken to their heels.

The battlefield under water presented an amazing scene: timbers, rafts, shattered boats, the bodies of the dead, odds and ends of equipment floating everywhere.

The sun blazed down on it all. The heat haze was blinding. Steam rose from the patches of weed. Dirty sweating soldiers dropped exhausted in their tracks.

Troops were coming up in all directions, stumbling over the sand hills. The brigade was massing into something that looked like formation.

"More trouble ahead," said Steve shortly.

There was. This was only the first phase. The order went round that next day at break of dawn we were to continue the attack on the main position at Bahran.

Meanwhile we went about in fear of mines and bombs. If we saw an old can, a bottle, even a boot, we stepped gingerly around it. Johnny Turk had a habit of leaving treacherous souvenirs along his line of retreat.

The enemy gave us peace that night. We made hip rests in the sand and slept like the corpses about us.

We advanced on Bahran next morning. The naval force was on the job. All the way up to Amara the villages and towns were displaying white flags.

Arabs—men, women, and children—ran out of their houses to greet us, salaaming and kowtowing for all they were worth. The same Arabs who only a day or two before had been very much on the side of the Turks. If only they could have understood the gutter English bawled at them they would not have looked so pleased.

Taking Amara was too easy. When we steamed up the river and came within sight of the town running down to the water's edge, it was already ours.

General Townshend had sailed up the river chasing Turkish gunboats, some of which were shelled and their crews and troops taken prisoner.

At Kila Salih the khan of the town went aboard the British sloop. He was told by Townshend to collect supplies, for which he would be paid, for fifteen thousand troops who were coming along.

THAT was the ruse that gave us Amara on a platter. As General Townshend had anticipated, the Arab chief sent the news to the Turks at Amara.

When the British gunboats reached the town the Turks were ready to call it a day. A lieutenant, the coxswain of the boat, and a Tommy went ashore. These three received the surrender of the Turkish battalion and marched them down to the water's edge. They were taken aboard an iron lighter and the general had it anchored in mid-stream under the guns of his sloop.

Amara was not to be sneezed at. It is a town of about ten thousand, from which caravan routes lead to Kut and the Persian passes. It is some seventy-five miles up the river from Basra.

The advance from Qurna to Amara was splendidly handled by General Townshend, but it seemed to us as though we were just wandering on and on, taking all we could. We had long ago passed the oil field. There was camp talk of pushing farther on, as far as Kut-el-Amara, more commonly known at Kut. There were even rumors that we might attempt to drive the Turks from Bagdad—five hundred miles by the Tigris route from Basra!

The unusual conditions, however, held us up for the time being. It was June and the heat blazed down with the breath of a giant furnace, the temperature running as high as 125 in any shade.

Most of us were unused to anything of the sort. Hundreds dropped from heat stroke, malaria, or dysentery. The river steamers were crowded with the sick being carried down to Basra. Townshend himself went under with the heat, and was sent downstream to take ship for India. We knew then there wasn't likely to be any more fighting until the cool season set in in September.

We had two months of fatigues and other forms of idleness in the historic town of Amara. During the first few days of our "vacation," the Arabs appeared hostile. Orders were issued that no soldier should patrol the streets alone. There were warnings against being absent from quarters after dark.

After a while the warnings were ignored. Steve and I trailed around the bazaar quarters, picking up a smattering of the native tongue. In my young eyes it was all very adventurous and picturesque.

We used Indian rupees for money, and money talks in any language. We began to frequent the wineshops, the cafés, the dives. The natives seemed friendly now.

It was cool in the shade of the bazaars. In the beginning one was nauseated by the stench. Then one grew used to it all—even in time felt drawn toward the strange sights and sounds and smells.

ARABIANS, Armenians, Jews, Persians—were trading and bartering as if there was no war hereabouts. At the doors of ramshackle shops and booths long-bearded old sheiks sat drinking scented tea, chatting of domestic affairs, smoking the long Arabian cigarettes that stank of burning herbs. One wondered what they could be thinking of our intrusion.

To Steve and me they looked placid, peaceful. But we knew they could be treacherous as hell.

We found one dive particularly amusing. Steve dubbed it "the Sink." An apt name.

When I first looked upon the fantastic scene there—the roistering men, the giggling girls in their laps, the dancing, singing, rollicking mob—I found it hard to believe that only a short time before the fathers and brothers of these girls had been ranged on the side of our enemies.

One night a sun-kissed girl in beads gave a strange performance. It was half dance, half the art of a contortionist. She didn't leave much out.

The dancer was as supple as rubber. Her black-velvet eyes boldly met ours. Her red lips moved slightly, invitingly. The graceful movements of her fully molded body, the bronze sheen of her skin—well, they were bewitching to men far from home.

I was raw then. Later I learned that such "dances" are common to low Eastern dives. Also, in justification, I should explain that at the Sink I became well acquainted with arrack. Colorless, looking as harmless as water, it's easy to let its mule-kick fool one. I had taken aboard more than I could carry.

"Act your age, Tiger," warned Steve, well oiled himself, when I started to leave our table.

I pushed him aside and staggered toward her.

Suddenly a brawny Arab loomed before me. He was big enough to break me over his knee, and it was evident he was the girl's protector.

Like a terrier after a wolfhound, I flew at him. Fortunately for me he knew little of boxing or mat work. In no time I had the knuckles of both fists bleeding, but it was mostly Arab blood. He would clutch me like a bear. I would wriggle away and let fly with a jab or a round-house.

"On the point of his jaw, Tiger!" some one yelled.

I tried to finish him, but every time I got near enough, his great arms would shoot out and start squeezing the breath out of my body until I'd manage to squirm free.

Finally the Arab drew his knife. That was fatal for him. Steve roused from his arrack stupor and closed in. So did others in uniform.

The natives pitched in then, and there was a beautiful free-for-all. Screaming women clawed with their fingernails. Bottles and jugs flew through the air.

I didn't stay for the finish. Out of the corner of my eye I had seen the dancing girl slipping through a doorway. I followed.

The chase led me through a narrow dank passageway

to a low-arched door. Opening it, I plunged into the room. What with the arrack and the excitement, my blood was up.

Like a tiger cat aroused, the girl writhed out of my clumsy embrace. Then, facing me with blazing eyes, she spat and loosed a flood of invective.

I rocked back on my heels, stunned—and just at that moment the patrol burst through the doorway. I was seized, my arms pinioned to my sides. Then came the ignominious march back to quarters under escort.

I didn't mind the night in the cells. What astonished me was the story told by the patrol corporal when I was marched before the C.O.

I could only gasp. According to this corporal I was a thoroughly bad lot. I had started all the trouble. In a drunken fury I had attacked a peaceful native. My stupid action had led to a drunken brawl in which fourteen British soldiers and eleven natives had become involved. Not satisfied with having stirred up trouble in a quarter of the town that was still hostile to our forces, I had then chased a native girl.

I wondered for a brief minute of whom this fantastic corporal was speaking. Surely he was not referring to one Tiger?

THE next shock was: "Eight hours' field punishment number one! Take him away!"

"Sir!" I gasped, and received a prod in the ribs from the aforementioned corporal.

"About turn! Quick march!"

Field punishment number one has been abolished in the British army. That was the statement made in the British press and in the House of Commons during the Great War. I can only think it was made to appease the mothers and wives of British boys and men who had left their civilian jobs and gone to war. It certainly was not abolished on the Mesopotamian front. I ought to know. I was awarded the punishment and it was carried out.

No man who has suffered it is ever likely to forget it. It involves the most excruciating torture. One is tied, spread-eagle fashion, by wrists and ankles to the wheel of a gun carriage and then left to one's meditations. In a country like Iraq, with the tropic sun blazing down upon the helpless victim's eyeballs, burning through his thin khaki drill to his racked body, while his lips blacken and crack and his leathery tongue hangs out, it becomes something far more barbaric than even its originators dreamed of!

A forced march through the torrid night, followed by a grim vengeance on murderous Arab villagers; the grueling advance up the Tigris in flood; Townshend's masterly outflanking of the Turks before Kut, and the ensuing battle, bloody if glorious, as young Tiger saw it from the ranks—these feature next week's installment of Marching Madmen.



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The GIRL on the FLOOR BELOW

by
FRED M^A. ISAAC

READING TIME • 30 MINUTES 20 SECONDS



Eloise leaped off his lap and gazed upon him solicitously. "Darling, does your head hurt?" she asked him.



A SPRIGHTLY AND SURPRISING
OF A YOUNG MAN LOOKING FOR

MR. TOM TUCKERMAN was taking a bath, so Mrs. Tom Tuckerman answered the phone.

The Tuckermans were roosting temporarily in the old Hotel January which had stood for forty years on Broadway above Seventy-second Street, decaying in a genteel manner, sullenly lowering its rates but preserving, mysteriously, a decent clientele. It appealed to the Tuckermans because its rooms were large and high-ceiled and its walls were almost soundproof and its beds were good, and because they appreciated low rates and didn't have to possess a swank address.

The Tuckermans were a couple in their early thirties who annoyed their acquaintances by a satisfaction with each other which was almost smug, but they were a cheerful tolerant pair who made friends with queer people—for example, the girl on the floor below.

Tom led Eloise upon the floor. The girl was an exceptional dancer and reveled in the music.

ILLUSTRATED BY
HAROLD DENISON



ROMANCE OF NEW YORK IN 1935 . . . THE STORY LOVE AND A PLOT THAT HELPED HIM FIND IT

The bathroom door was open—the Tuckermans not being the sort who believe that undue intimacy breeds contempt—and Tom ceased to slosh water as Dolly answered the telephone which stood on the dresser in the bedroom.

They had only recently arisen, so Dolly was wearing pink teddies which gave her husband a splendid view of sleek satin shoulders and straight slim limbs in sheer brown stockings. When he married her, eight years ago, Dolly was slender as a young birch, but time had thickened her so that her figure would have enchanted an old-time sculptor; she often said, "I'm kind of fat, but I'm still able to give inches to the Venus di Milo."

Her face and form continued to enchant Tom Tuckerman. There wasn't a line in Dolly's sweet round little face, and her yellow hair was as bright as it ever had been.

"Who?" demanded Dolly. "What?" Her voice lifted until it was excitedly shrill. She did a dance step.

"We have a dinner date but we'll break it!" she cried. "You come right up here—well, come to lunch anyway—darn you, we can't wait until dinnertime—"

"Who's that?" shouted Tom.

"Bill Porter—you idiot, you'll wet the floor!"

For Tom had leaped out of the bath, grabbed a bath towel, draped it around his middle, and snatched the phone from her hand.

"Why didn't you wire us?" he demanded. "The devil with your business appointments. Come up here."

Mrs. Tuckerman indistinctly heard Mr. Porter making protests.

"All right, cocktails at five, then," conceded Tom. . . . "What? . . . I don't know any girls. Dolly

only knows homely ones. Well, we'll see what we can do." He hung up and grinned at his wife. He was standing in a pool of water on the waxed floor.

"Get back into the bathtub," commanded Mrs. Tuckerman. "Look at the floor. Why should we get him a girl the very first night he's in town?"

"Wants to dance," said Tom, returning to the bathroom, where he set about drying himself.

"What's the matter with me?" she asked resentfully.

"You're a rotten dancer and he knows it. Ouch!"

For the young woman had struck him sharply across the ribs with a wet towel.

"Everybody but you thinks I'm a superb dancer," she stated. "A girl, eh? Well, I suppose I could call Frances Wainwright."

"That horse-faced wench!"

Dolly giggled. "She would serve him right for ringing in a stranger at our reunion."

"Pity you wouldn't ever bring good-looking girls around," he remarked.

She shrugged her shoulders. "Beautiful girls are too busy to bother with old married people. Besides, I don't like 'em."

"Bill's right out of the desert. I know a theater agent. I'll hire a blonde—"

"You will not."

Mrs. Tuckerman went into the living room and knitted her smooth white brow, and after a moment she snapped her little fingers.

"Eloise!" she exclaimed. "She could use a free dinner."

"Who's Eloise?"

"The girl on the floor below."

"That slinky—"

"She's not slinky. Of course I haven't spoken to her more than a dozen times, but I expect she doesn't go out much. She's really attractive, Tom, in an exotic way."

"Me, I like fat blondes," he said with twinkling eyes. "But she looks as though she could dance."

Because he placed undue emphasis upon the personal pronoun, Mrs. Tuckerman assailed him with hands curled like claws. There was a short sharp struggle and Dolly was soundly kissed. The Tuckermans might be old married people but they still had fun.

Dolly sat on the edge of the bed and vetoed the shirt he was putting on. As he was tying his necktie, she smiled at him fondly.

"We've been shortsighted," she said. "Being wrapped up in each other, we haven't acquired many friends. I reckon Bill Porter is the only person we love, and we don't see him much."

"So we shouldn't play a rotten trick on him. Now, this Eloise—"

"She'll do," declared Mrs. Tuckerman. "I'm saving Bill to be my next husband."

To prevent argument she immediately rang up the girl on the floor below. Eloise was willing, even grateful.

"Only, I haven't an evening wrap," she confessed.

"I'll loan you one of mine," Dolly assured her.

ABOUT five ten somebody kicked viciously against the apartment door. Dolly Tuckerman squealed with delight; pulled the door open, and flung herself into the arms of a man. He picked up the little thing and kissed her ardently and dropped her into a big chair, rushed to Tom and pumped his right hand and thumped him on the back. The trio then grinned at one another with perfect understanding.

"Four years," declared Bill Porter, "I've been wasting my life, I have."

Bill Porter was a pleasant person to look upon. He was a trifle over six feet, with very broad shoulders and large horny hands. In his blue eyes danced a lunatic light. His grin almost reached his ears. He was thirty-three or -four years old, and Dolly Tuckerman had never been able to understand why the women permitted him to remain at large. He dwarfed Tom Tuckerman, who was no pigmy himself. Tom was the handsomest thing in the world, in the opinion of Mrs. Tuckerman, but Bill was so ugly he was perfectly delightful.

During the past ten years they had met at long inter-

vals—Tuckerman was a free-lance writer who roamed the world—he and Dolly were going to settle down sometime but were not in a hurry. Bill was an engineer who lived mostly in inaccessible places. When they met they picked things up exactly where they had dropped them.

Bill fell into a chair of which the ancient limbs creaked in protest.

"Doll, you carry your age well," he said. "And that pink gown is tasty. You're getting a bit plump—"

"Beast!" cried Dolly. "Brute! Savage!"

"And smug," added the family friend. "And Tom's hair is getting thin. Have much trouble with her, Tom?"

"Quite a little," stated Tom, tossing the young woman an infatuated smile.

"I was kidding about getting me a girl," said Bill.

"You eggs will do for me."

"Something by the name of Eloise is about to burst in here," Tom informed him. "Do you suppose I'm going to let you monopolize my wife?"

"I told you we shouldn't have bothered about a girl," said Dolly in a vexed tone. "Unfortunately she's ordered."

Bill looked intrigued. "Blonde or brunette?" he asked. "I like both kinds if they're good-looking."

THERE was a faint knock. Dolly opened the door and ushered in a young woman. Tom Tuckerman glanced, stared, and his face assumed an expression of astonishment. He had observed a tall drab sort of girl, unbecomingly attired, in the halls and elevators, whom Dolly said was Eloise Brown, a tenant of the floor below. Miss Brown was wearing a white evening wrap, donated by Mrs. Tuckerman, over a black chiffon dress. Miss Brown was stunning. She was also exotic. Her sleek black hair was parted in the middle and caught in a knot at the back of her neck—it was lovely hair. Her eyes were long and black and sparkling with excitement. She had high cheekbones and a very slightly aquiline nose and a pretty mouth garnished with very regular and snow-white teeth. In her olive cheeks was a faint touch of color. She smiled shyly as she was being introduced to Bill.

Tom glanced at Mrs. Tuckerman and his decision that Eloise was a knockout was confirmed, for Mrs. Tuckerman's round blue eyes had narrowed and two little white teeth were biting into her full lower lip. Having made a study of Mrs. Tuckerman for many years, he could read her thoughts, and she was thinking that she had done too well for Bill Porter. Tom chuckled silently. As regards Bill, Dolly was a cute little dog in a manger. While she was contented with her present marital arrangements, and if forced to fry one of the two men for the other's breakfast, she probably would fry Bill, she was not in favor of some other woman getting him. And she had underestimated Eloise Brown.

Bill, however, accepted Eloise nonchalantly. He sat down beside her and began to tell her about the job he had just quit. Eloise listened politely and Dolly listened eagerly. Tom poured the cocktails.

Bill became expansive—he was a man who could talk about himself and make it entertaining. The blue eyes of Dolly and the black eyes of Eloise stimulated him more than the cocktails, which were not weak. He was discussing dredgers and cuts and grades and cement and things like that and told funny stories about Indians and Mexican laborers and how he had hung the job around the boss's neck and departed.

"But why throw up a good job?" asked Tom.

"I decided I was wasting my life," stated Bill. "It came to me suddenly, in the middle of the night, and I picked a fight next day and took my time. I've saved up some dough and decided to take a fling at romance."

"Let's decide where we'll go for dinner," said Tom.

"You think matrimony is all right, don't you?" demanded Bill.

"Yeh, but Dolly is sort of unusual."

"Why should you have all the good things of life?"

Dolly thought she saw a speculative look in the eyes of the girl from below, and tried unsuccessfully to change the subject.

"When I was broke in New York eight years ago, there was a girl," declared Bill sentimentally.

"Going to look her up and marry her?" inquired Tom.

"She's married and now lives in Plainville, New Jersey, with three or four children."

"We'll dine at Tony's. Bill likes Italian food," stated Dolly.

"What did she look like?" asked Eloise softly.

"Well—er—she was sort of dark and very nice. I can't exactly remember."

"Come on," commanded the hostess. "We can dance at Tony's. A very good band, Bill."

"The trouble with you people," stated the engineer, "is that you are prosperous. Romance and prosperity don't go together. I bet that wrap you wore in here cost five hundred dollars, Miss Brown."

"I—I don't remember," said Eloise.

"Of course not. What's one evening wrap or another to a girl like you?"

"A bagatelle," said Eloise, flashing a smile at Dolly.

"You big lug!" Dolly exclaimed. "Lift yourself out of that chair, or must I put a bomb under you? We're hungry."

Bill scowled at her. "If I was your husband," he said, "I'd take you into a wilderness and tie you to a tree for a couple of weeks and forget to feed you. I bet you're ten pounds overweight from eating rich dinners."

Dolly made a face at him. "Let's go without dinner," she suggested.

Bill shook his head. "Come to think of it, I'm hungry," he admitted.

TONY'S was a superior dining place which drew nice people. There was a smooth dance floor, an array of tables, each with its shaded lamp, a subdued hum of chatter, a vista of pretty women becomingly attired, and a band leader who played peppy music.

Bill was charmed by the place in the beginning. In the subdued lights Eloise acquired a radiance that made Tom Tuckerman regard her thoughtfully. Because Bill and Dolly and Tom were reminiscent during the first hour, the strange girl necessarily was silent. After Bill had danced with her he danced with Dolly, and Tom led Eloise upon the floor. The girl was an exceptional dancer, light, graceful, and yielding, and she reveled in the music. "Dance much?" he asked.

She shook her head. "I don't know anybody in New York. I haven't danced for ten months."

"Where do you come from?"

"Minneapolis."

"I suppose you work at something."

"I'm a secretary."

"Care to do a little extra typing? I have stories to be typed now and then."

"I'd love it."

There was champagne with dinner. Bill was the host and a liberal one. When coffee came, however, he was weary of it all.

"Bourgeois pleasures," he stated. "Smug businessmen and their fat



THE WISE MAN ASKS FOR GORDON'S GIN

A cocktail is no better than
the gin that goes into the
mixing glass. You'll learn in
time that it pays to insist
on genuine Gordon's Gin.



wives—debutantes and clerks spending more than they should. Are you aware there is a Depression?"

"I've heard of it," said Tom dryly.

"Seven dollars for wine! Don't you know seven dollars would feed a poor family for a week?" he asked severely.

Dolly laughed gaily. "The wine was your notion. We can't afford it."

"Evening wraps that cost five hundred dollars," he remarked, gazing sternly at Eloise.

"You're drunk," commented Tom.

"That girl I mentioned," said Bill, "she lived in a room in the Village. She had an old couch, a bridge lamp, and a Japanese print. She had a two-burner gas stove in a closet full of cockroaches. They were going to put her out for failing to pay her rent. And—I couldn't help her. I didn't have a dime. Do you know why I came back to New York?"

"Who cares?" inquired Tom. "You're getting maudlin."

"I'm going to find a girl like that. A girl with a bridge lamp and a Japanese print who can't pay her rent. I've money now. I'll marry her."

"You're eight years older," said Dolly tartly. "You might have interested that girl. This one would only marry you for your money."

"Eloise," he demanded, "do you think she would?"

"If she were a nice girl," said Eloise thoughtfully, "I think she might be influenced by it but she would probably like you for other reasons."

"Do you like me, Eloise?" he asked anxiously.

She smiled—her smile was brilliant, Tom thought. "Yes," she said. "You don't make sense but I like you."

"Dolly," he pleaded, almost tearfully, "you and Tom are my friends. Find me the girl with the bridge lamp and the Japanese print."

"And the cockroaches," added Tom.

"Don't know any such," Dolly said, laughing. "Do you, Eloise?"

Eloise looked thoughtful. "Why, I think I do. I know a girl who has had a frightful time. I've known her to go without food for days. She lives somewhere on Eighth Street in a basement room. I can guarantee the cockroaches but not the Japanese print. She could buy one for ten cents, though. Are you interested?"

"I certainly am!" cried Bill enthusiastically.

Eloise became animated. "She's the most cheerful person," she declared. "I helped her out once and she was tremendously appreciative. Does she have to be good-looking?"

"Well, so-so."

"She isn't bad-looking—a bit angular."

"That's from privation," stated Bill. "Let's go call on her."

"Eloise doesn't know where she lives," said Dolly pointedly.

"But I have her telephone number in my handbag," Eloise replied, oblivious of the significance of the remark of Mrs. Tuckerman.

"LET'S call her up," pleaded Porter. "Come on out to the phone."

Tom roared with laughter. "The guy's nuts," he told Eloise.

But Bill was up and Eloise rose, smiled at Tom, and left the table.

"Dumb," commented Mrs. Tuckerman. "Not a brain in her head. Here she has a chance to make a fourth every night—you know Bill will insist on being with us. And she proposes to introduce him to another girl."

"Conrad in search of his youth," remarked Tom.

"Rekindling a dead flame," said Dolly. "But he's such a dear—"

"Deer is the word. If this Village girl has anything on the ball, she'll slay him."

The others came back smiling. "She's home," said Eloise, sitting down. "She says she has cockroaches and a bridge lamp and a Chinese picture."

"Which will do. We're going right down to call on her," declared Bill. "Just what the doctor ordered."

"You are going down to call on her," corrected Tom.

"All four of us," Bill said firmly. "The first time, anyway."

"Romeo visits Juliet accompanied by chorus," remarked Tom Tuckerman.

Dolly kicked him under the table. "We'll all go," she declared. "We'll give him a colorful background. Eloise, is the place clean?"

"I've never been in this place," Eloise replied. "Her other room was very clean."

Twenty minutes later they rang a bell at a basement door on Eighth Street. Bill carried a bottle of French wine. The door was opened by a tall thin young woman with protruding eyes and a pointed chin, who had stringy blonde hair and wore a white wash dress too small for her. She looked a bit startled at the array of visitors, but smiled brightly at Eloise, was introduced as Miss Caroline Smith, and then led the way along a musty corridor into a large square basement room. There were a few hooked rugs on the soft pine floor, a day bed covered with a torn yellow-silk spread, three or four wooden chairs, and a fireplace which was not practical.

MISS SMITH, although aware that these were siummers, made them welcome sweetly, and gratefully accepted a glass of champagne from Bill's bottle. There was a strained silence broken by Eloise.

"What are you doing now, darling?" she asked.

Miss Smith looked elated. "I've a job," she declared. "Twenty-five dollars a week."

"Oh, you have a job," said Bill in a curious tone.

"Well, it's a white-collar relief job. I teach a class of unemployed to draw fossils."

Tom Tuckerman was unable to suppress a horselaugh. Miss Smith smiled at him. "Of course it's funny," she admitted, "and perfectly useless, but it settles the rent problem and the food problem. I'm very happy. This wine is marvelous, Mr. Porter."

"It settles the rent problem, eh?" repeated Bill grumpily.

Dolly broke another silence by a tactful remark. Conversation flourished for a few minutes and died again.

"We must see more of each other," Eloise said desperately.

Caroline nodded. "I'll take you to lunch some day soon. Imagine me being able to take somebody to lunch."

"Swell, I call it," commented Porter sourly.

Dolly rose. "We're on our way somewhere," she lied. "And it's been such a pleasure to meet you, Miss Smith."

Everybody shook hands with Miss Smith and they filed out. In the taxi, Tom poked Bill in the ribs. "You didn't make a date," he jeered.

"She doesn't owe her rent and she has a job," said Bill sullenly. "And she buys lunches for Eloise. Gets paid for teaching relief people to draw fossils. Huh!"

"Not very good-looking," insinuated Tom. "Can't you dig up another one, Eloise?"

"I'm afraid not," said Eloise. "She's a very lovely girl, Mr. Porter. And you can see that she is desperately poor."

"She's all right. It was pretty nice of you to come through the way you did."

"I'm sorry she didn't suit," replied Eloise with a ghost of a smile.

"Let me get this straight," requested Tuckerman. "You're a guy who is willing to marry a young woman who lives in the Village in destitute circumstances because you condemned that other girl to the awful fate of living in Plainville, New Jersey."

"Yes," said Bill firmly.

"Then what's the matter with Caroline Smith?"

"Eloise," said Bill, "you understand. My experience with that kid eight years ago was very sweet. I want another such experience. I want to meet a girl who is up against it like that, but somebody that I can love."

"Of course I understand," said Eloise gently.

"Somebody like Janet Gaynor," insinuated Tom Tuckerman.

"Be still," commanded Eloise fiercely.

"Let's go to a night club," suggested Dolly. "And stop riding Bill, Tom Tuckerman."

"Considering who's been working on it," replied the

irrepressible Tuckerman, "I don't think Boulder Dam will stand up."

Despite Tom's lack of understanding, Bill Porter came scratching at the Tuckerman apartment door every night for a week. Mr. Porter, apparently, had no resources of his own. Every night Eloise was summoned and Eloise came wearing the black chiffon dress and various evening wraps supplied by Mrs. Tuckerman. Tom, who was an observing person, observed that the girl was blooming like a lovely flower. Her eyes had a brilliant luster. Her shyness had worn off and she revealed herself as a young woman who had interesting ideas and ability to express them effectively. Tom jotted down some of her expressions for literary purposes.

They dined at various places, but, as Tom remarked, he and Dolly might as well have been alone, since Eloise and Bill had long absorbing conversations from which they were excluded.

Bill's obsession continued, though he no longer confided in the unsympathetic Tuckermans. Dolly learned from Eloise, with whom she had taken to having long daytime conversations, that Bill was going down to Washington Square of afternoons and sitting on benches, but, as yet, none but aliens had seated themselves beside him.

"THE idiot ought to marry Eloise," Mrs. Tuckerman told her husband on the sixth night after the others had gone.

"Stay put, will you?" he requested. "You're saving Bill up, aren't you?"

"Oh, you'll live forever, I'm afraid," she said airily.

"You picked her because you didn't think he'd be interested in her."

"Yes—but Bill ought to be married—he's such a fool. And Eloise is adorable. Tom, you've no idea what that girl has been through. She's so brave—"

"I'm pulling for her, but he can't see her for dust."

"It's time he got the dust out of his eyes—"

"Doll, don't you butt into this," he said apprehensively.

Dolly laughed gleefully. "Not unless I see a chance," she retorted.

Tom rose early on Saturday morning to keep a golf date in Westchester, but assured the sleepy Mrs. Tuckerman he would be home by 6 P. M. at the latest. He arrived at six fifteen, and encountered Bill Porter entering the elevator.

"I've four theater tickets," stated the engineer. "Bought 'em of a speculator. Eloise mentioned something about seeing Going Up the other night."

"You hipped on Eloise?" asked Tom bluntly.

"Eloise," said Bill firmly, "is a fine girl. An understanding girl. She's all right, she is. She heard about another girl in the Village yesterday."

"You ought to be confined," said Tom in disgust.

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Marvelous Results in Short Time:

I received my J. B. L. Cascade March 12th and started using it exactly according to your directions. The results are marvelous for so short a time and I am anticipating much for the future through using it.

Six days after using it I visited my doctor and the nurse who has given me, to be exact, 131 colonic irrigations during the past three and one-half years. They were very surprised and delighted at my condition and appearance. It was the first time they had seen me without being bloated. The nurse said my intestines were in better condition than she had seen them since my last surgery. My whole family are so happy about it.

I had my surgery and take my colonics in Wichita, which is 96 miles from Salina, so you can imagine what a relief it will be, with the help of the Cascade, to discontinue those trips. Then, too, the last three months my intestines were worse each trip and I did not seem to get relief from the colonics as I did at first. We realized that each ten days was not often enough but I felt I had neither the strength nor the money to go oftener. Now, with the Cascade, I can use it as often as I feel the need of it.

Several of my friends have asked me if I am not feeling better of late, stating that my color is better and I don't seem so tired out. I do feel better. It is such a wonderful relief to not be so bloated all the time.

I just wish it were possible for every one who has bowel trouble to have a Cascade.

Sincerely yours,

Alma
(Name furnished upon request)
(March 21, 1935),
Salina, Kans.

Feels Like a Different Woman:

I received my J. B. L. on Oct. 8th of this year, and started using it that night. I felt better the next day.

But today I feel like a different woman—no more dizzy spells—no more headaches and no pain down the back of my head and neck. I have also lost those ugly black circles I have had under my eyes for years.

When I ordered my J. B. L. I weighed 103 lbs. Today I weigh 118 lbs. and gaining rapidly.

I have a good appetite now and enjoy what I eat and I give J. B. L. all the credit.

Believe me I will gladly tell everyone I know who are suffering from toxic poisoning about the J. B. L.

You may use my letter if you wish.

Yours truly,

(Signed) MABEL SIMONSON,
(Dec. 14, 1934),
Grace, Idaho.

87 Years Young: Have used the Cascade for about twelve years. I am in perfect health. Do not need to use the Cascade now as my bowels are just like a young person's. Am now young at 87. The J. B. L. Cascade has done the job. Of course I did not use it haphazardly. I used it every day all these years. Now I have my reward.

JAMES NESBITT,
(June 4, 1934),
Schoolcraft, Michigan.

Ends 20 Years of Suffering: Your J. B. L. Treatment is a wonderful treatment—my case is a living man 73 years old, very active, stout and hearty, after 20 years of torture and suffering. Refer anybody to me about the J. B. L. Cascade.

F. M. BROWN,
(June 1, 1934),
249 N. Main St., Harrisonburg, Va.

What Is an Internal Bath?

Some understand an internal bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some new-fangled laxative. Both are wrong. A real, genuine true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

A bona-fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water, Tyrrillized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J.B.L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now, here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus $\cap$. The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe," or to the first bend. The J.B.L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and does it effectively. You have only to read that booklet "Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade does it—without pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poison breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious, and may be an important contributing cause to the headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—and susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills. They may also be an important factor in the cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure, and many serious maladies. Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons, and internal bathing is an effective means. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of impurities—quick hygienic action. And each treatment tends to strengthen the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

Immediate Benefits

Taken just before retiring you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver, you will feel rejuvenated—remade. That is the experience of thousands of men and women who faithfully practice the wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious, vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of age, nervousness, and dull care! To fortify you against epidemics, colds, etc.

Is that fifteen minutes worth while?

Send for This Booklet

It is entirely FREE. We are absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a three-cent stamp to better advantage. There are letters from many who achieve results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many, many times the price of that stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address the Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc., Dept. L11-30, 152 W. 65th St., New York City—NOW!

-----TEAR OFF AND MAIL AT ONCE-----

Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc.
152 West 65th St., Dept. L11-30, New York, N. Y.

Send me without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Mrs. Tuckerman was dressed and ready to go out. She wore a yellow-satin gown that made her look beautiful despite a slight excess in poundage. Upon her cherub's face was a cryptic smile.

"How are you, baby?" demanded Bill. "Where's Eloise?"

"Eloise won't be with us tonight, Bill," stated Mrs. Tuckerman.

Bill looked hurt. "She didn't tell me she had a date."

"Or any other night," said Dolly loudly and clearly.

Bill looked as though he had been hit by a certain Mr. Louis upon the point of the jaw.

"Wha—wha—why?" he stammered.

"Early this morning," stated Mrs. Tuckerman, "while I was having my beauty sleep, the hotel put Eloise out."

"Put her out!" shouted Bill. "What for?"

"For not paying her rent," replied Mrs. Tuckerman.

Bill's face registered horror. "I—I didn't know she was up against it," he mumbled. "She always wore swell clothes—"

"She wore that old chiffon dress every night. Her evening wraps were loaned her by me—"

"But she never said—"

"Eloise," stated Mrs. Tuckerman coldly, "does not advertise."

Bill started for the door. "We got to find her!" he cried wildly.

"Just a minute, Bill. When I went downstairs for lunch the clerk at the desk gave me a package from her. I opened it and found a note requesting me to give the contents to you."

"She got put out and she left something for me?" he said pitifully. "Why didn't she call me up—"

"Here, Bill."

She handed him a roll of paper and a small box. Bill broke the string and unfolded the paper. It was a print of a cone-shaped mountain with two unmistakably Japanese persons in the foreground.

Mrs. Tuckerman smiled maliciously. "She had a bridge lamp, but it belonged to the hotel," she stated. "Open the box."

It was a very small box wrapped in white paper and tied with a red ribbon. It contained—two dead cockroaches.

Bill made a weird noise, dropped into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

"This is an old hotel," said Dolly cruelly. "While we don't boast about it, we have an occasional cockroach."

Mr. Porter began to rock in his chair and make inarticulate sounds.

"I INVITED her to make a fourth," continued Dolly Tuckerman, "because I suspected she was starving to death. Bohemia," she added more gently, "is not confined to Greenwich Village, Bill."

Bill looked up. His face was twisted with emotion. "Why didn't you do something?" he asked brokenly.

"I didn't know she had been put out until the clerk gave me the package."

"We got to find her, Dolly," he pleaded.

"Why?" asked Mrs. Tuckerman coldly.

"To fix her up. Maybe she hasn't any place to go—maybe she's hungry—"

"Eloise wouldn't let us do anything for her, Bill. Don't you realize—"

"I know she's the finest girl that ever lived. I'll make her let me help her."

"Not likely. You're a single man—besides, you were not interested in her," she smiled slightly, "even if she did have a Japanese print and—"

"Shut up, Doll!" shouted Tom Tuckerman. "Bill, old boy, she'll get in touch with us tomorrow or next day—"

Bill shook his fist in his friend's face. "How about tonight?" he cried. "I've got to find her tonight."

"Why?" asked Dolly sharply.

"Because"—a strange light shone upon the face of Bill Porter—"because I love her—that's why. For God's sake, Dolly, think! Where could she go?"

Dolly smiled at him tenderly. "That's different, darling," she said. "The poor proud thing wouldn't ask me for help, but she mentioned, the first night, that she had

been of service once to Caroline Smith. Miss Smith looks like a girl who would take in a stray."

As she finished, the door slammed on the heels of Bill Porter.

"Is that where she is?" asked Tom eagerly.

"It's only a guess," she said lightly. Tom grasped her by the shoulders and shook her roughly.

"You know she's there!" he exclaimed.

"Quit, will you! She was out of the hotel when I woke up. Let's go to dinner."

"So you've no human feelings," he said bitterly.

"Yes, I'm hungry."

Tom released her and laughed relievedly. "Minx," he remarked.

As they were leaving the hotel, Bill Porter was ringing the doorbell of the lodginghouse on Eighth Street. After a delay of a minute which seemed several minutes, Miss Caroline Smith opened the door. She peered at the man on the threshold.

"Miss Smith," he said eagerly, "I'm Bill Porter. I called on you with Eloise Brown a week ago."

"Why, yes, of course," murmured Miss Smith.

"Is Eloise here?" he demanded anxiously.

"Why, yes. Did you want to see her? Well!"

HER exclamation was caused by the rudeness of the young man who pushed past her, sped down the corridor, and threw open her apartment door without knocking.

There was a card table near the fireplace upon which Eloise was placing plates, knives, and forks. She wore a smock and her hair wasn't fixed and she dropped a plate, which shattered. She smiled at him as if she were annoyed that he had come barging in like that and as if she were embarrassed on account of what he must have learned, while at the same time she was glad to see him. It's astonishing how many different emotions a smile can convey.

Bill came at her with his arms outstretched. "Eloise!" he exclaimed hoarsely. "I've found you!"

Eloise lifted her beautiful black eyebrows and rounded her eyes. "But I haven't been lost— Why, Bill!"

Bill Porter was having an emotional crisis. All the way down in the taxi he had been writhing with worry, while surging up in him was a huge billow of love for the lost confidante and companion. And when he saw Eloise standing there in her smock with her lovely eyes full of surprise and her lips curved in an adorable smile, he forgot that, as far as Eloise was aware, he wasn't interested in her and that it was unlikely that Eloise thought of him in any way except as a friend of the Tuckermans, who took her along to make a fourth for dancing.

So, when Bill flung his big arms about her and lifted her off her feet she uttered a frightened squeal, and she fought desperately—for a few seconds—before she submitted to being kissed.

And then Eloise, being a young woman full of passion, until now minus an object, found that, somehow, her arms had crept around his neck and that she was returning the pressure of his lips.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Miss Smith from the doorway. "What does this mean?"

Bill released Eloise and grinned contentedly at the hostess.

"I'm taking her off your hands," he stated. "Going to marry the girl."

"You are not," protested Eloise stoutly. "This is nonsense. You don't love me. You're thinking of that other girl."

Bill drew her to him and gazed down upon her tenderly.

"You're her," he declared. "You were her all the time."

"Should I go out somewhere?" asked Miss Smith, much embarrassed.

"No, darling," replied Eloise. "Bill is rather crazy, but he'll get over it. Bill, you want a girl with a Japanese print and a bridge lamp and cockroaches, who can't pay her rent. I only qualify in the last respect."

"Cockroaches?" cried Miss Smith. "He's a maniac!"

"You qualify in every respect," said Bill gleefully. "Eloise, when Dolly gave me the package you left for me—well—it knocked me out. Here I've been raving

about that romance and all the time you were the girl."

"Package?" murmured Eloise. "I left you a package?"

Bill seated himself on a chair and pulled the unresisting Eloise upon his lap.

"Sure, sweetheart. The Japanese print and the box with the dead cockroaches—"

Eloise leaped off his lap and gazed down upon him solicitously.

"Darling, does your head hurt?" she asked him. "I didn't leave you a Japanese print and a box of—of—" She burst into hysterical laughter.

Bill's face lengthened. He stared at her earnestly.

"You mean you never had a Japanese print and—"

"I abhor them and I kept my room clean," she said tartly.

"Ah! And you left the hotel and you haven't communicated with Dolly?"

"After Caroline took me in I called Dolly up and explained that I had to leave the hotel, but if she wanted me for dinner—"

"Ah-ha!" cried Porter, whose eyes began to dance. "And she said I wasn't coming tonight."

"That you had to go out of town," Eloise told him. "What's so funny, Bill?"

"We'll get married in Tuckermans' apartment and make them pay for the wedding," he declared. "That baby-faced hussy! She cooked this up, God bless her."

Eloise put her hands on her hips and her black eyes began to flash, and she thrust out her under lip. "I'd like a few explanations, please," she said sharply.

"Remember the night she threatened to put a bomb under my chair to

make me get up and go to dinner? Well, she set off a bomb to make me realize that you were the girl I wanted."

"It's all right," said Eloise heatedly. "You don't have to marry me, Bill. If you think I had a hand in what seems to be a plot—"

"Come here," commanded Bill Porter. He eyed her sternly. Eloise crept into his arms.

"Oh, the doorbell!" exclaimed Miss Smith, who had been standing first on one foot and then on the other and whose embarrassment was pitiful.

"Miss Smith," asked Bill, "are you a betting woman?"

Caroline smiled slightly. "I have no money to bet with."

"I will make it easy for you. I will bet you one hundred dollars to a moldy doughnut that when you open the door, there will enter the unscrupulous Mrs. Tuckerman and her stooge, Tom."

"Better not take the bet, Caroline," warned Eloise, who then buried her nose in Bill's right shoulder.

"Break," warned Bill. "Don't give her the satisfaction."

In a few seconds Dolly Tuckerman came running into the room followed more leisurely by her husband. Dolly stopped short, and clasped her hands ecstatically. Eloise smiled at her adoringly.

Bill scowled at her. "You wrecked everything, see!" he growled. "Why didn't you mind your own business? If you hadn't butted in I'd have had a chance with Eloise."

"Yeh?" sneered Dolly Tuckerman. "Take your handkerchief and wipe off that lipstick. We'll have the wedding in our apartment."

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay \$1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person, the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Behind those whiskers is a capitalist and philanthropist who likes short putts and fast driving. Who is he?

2—In Wall Street what is a bulge? A dip?

3—Does the fur that is known as cat lynx come from a wild animal?

4—Has a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States ever been impeached?

5—What is wrong with this sentence: "He is one sixth Indian"?

6—Who defined music as "the mediator between the spiritual and the sensual life"?

7—In which sport is the combination long- and short-pass cross used?

8—Where (in man) is the sense of touch considered to be most acute?

9—What was a result of the marriage of John Alden and Priscilla Mullens?

10—Does the burrowing owl burrow?

11—Will drying any type of plums produce prunes?



12—Which radio luminaries use these expressions: "All right," "Tain't funny," "Buzz off"?

13—What town in the Province of Ontario derived its name from the first two letters of three near-by towns?

14—In the Old World was scalping ever practiced?

15—How do the police in England most successfully

cope with speeding motorists?

16—Why was frosty Greenland inappropriately named?

17—What perennial Presidential candidate was paid \$75,000 a year to lecture for a Florida real-estate development?

18—Are there breeds of domesticated sheep which are raised only for mutton and do not bear any wool?

19—Which is the correct form of the phrase: "to the manor born" or "to the manner born"?

20—Who wrote the music of the grand opera Natoma?



(Answers will be found on page 39)

NOTICE

In keeping with modern medical opinion* on relief of colds—

LUDEX'S Menthol Cough Drops

now contain an

ALKALINE FACTOR

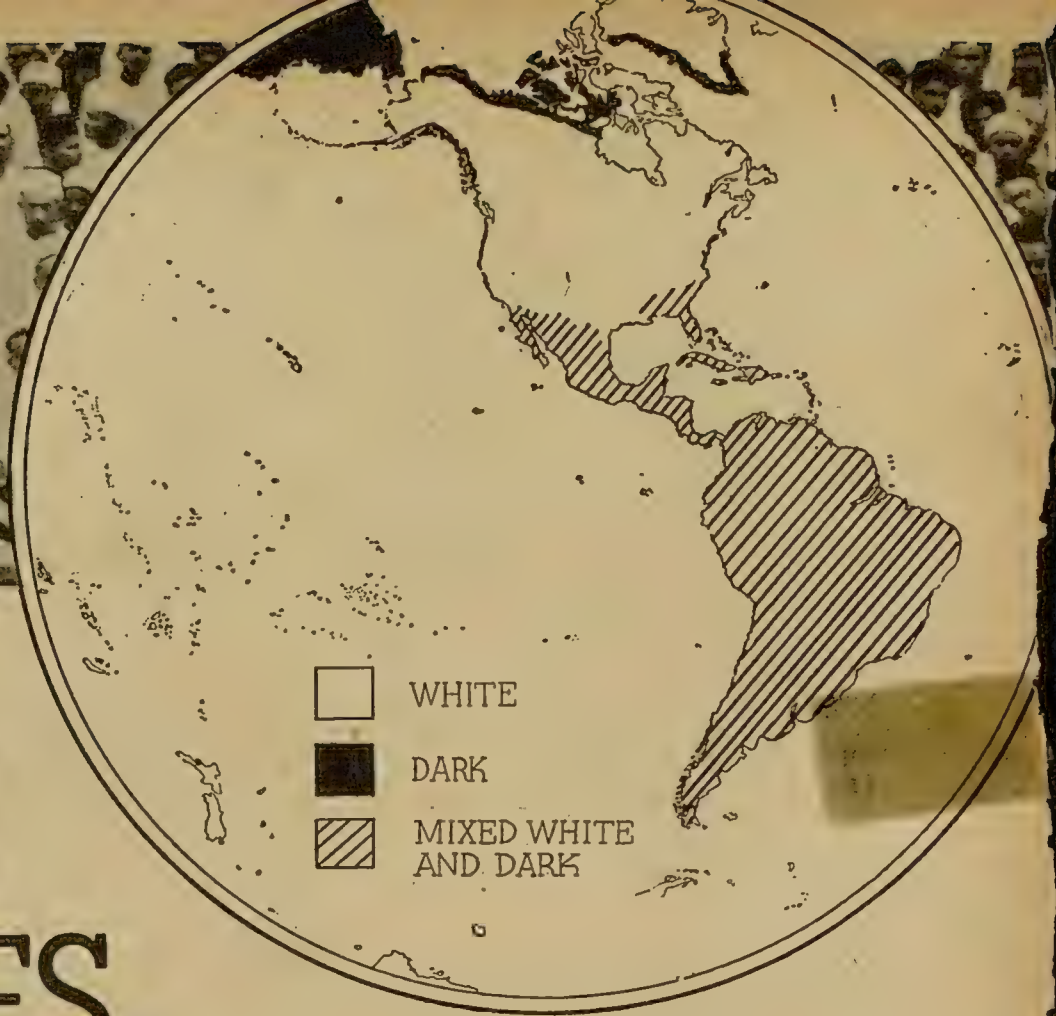
*Medical Opinion

says this: "The researches (of these Doctors) led them to believe that colds result from an acid condition of the body. To overcome this they prescribe various alkalies."

—excerpt from "The Common Cold"; based on interviews between the editors of Fortune Magazine and prominent U. S. physicians.

You'll notice no change in Luden's refreshing taste nor in the quick, effective way they bring relief to an irritated throat. But now when you Ludenize, you also contribute to your alkaline reserve...for each Luden's now contains a tasteless, natural alkaline factor. Keep a box of Luden's handy at all times, and use them at the first sign of a cough, cold or irritated throat.





WILL THE DARK RACES DESTROY THE WHITES

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

Here you see, at a world-embracing glance, those regions greater in total area, where one or another colored race

It is most obvious, of course, in countries which have adopted, to a large extent, our own technical and cultural standards—like Japan.

If the statesmen of Europe and of America appreciate the new situation which confronts them today, they have given no evidence of their understanding. Their attitude toward Japan is still influenced by prejudices for which a basis no longer exists. Japan is leading the way of all the nations whose color differs from our own. In courage, efficiency, and intelligence she is the equal of any.

Her methods are not unlike those of her white brothers and her purposes seem in no wise dissimilar. It is to be doubted whether Japan herself realizes that she is breeding a tremendous world upheaval, the extent of which no man can foresee.

What part the Japanese will assume in the great readjustment of the races is wholly problematical. If we play our hands well, it may be that she will find her best interests on the side of the white races. If she throws the weight of her empire into the scale with those whose civilization she largely shares, namely the Western Powers, the world-wide war of the races may be delayed for many years, if not completely forestalled.

Japan may well be the determining factor. According to Arthur Brisbane, Japan's Young Men's Association calls on the African and Asiatic races to do away with the "White Peril." This may not be important—wiser heads like Baron Makino are likely to determine the policy of Japan—but it is nevertheless a straw in the wind. If, on the other hand, the realm of the Mikado chooses to lead the dark and yellow peoples, she will surely dominate their policy and give the movement an enormous impetus which it could never otherwise have.

In any case we must be prepared for a general revolt against the age-long control which the white races have exercised, not always wisely, over the darker ones. Even if they should not succeed in overthrowing our domination completely, the movement, once started, will ultimately bring self-government to untold millions. It will introduce into world affairs a new factor that can no longer be ignored in the great capitals of the West.

THE world is still tottering from the shock of the World War and already the shadow of another disaster, almost unimaginable in its consequences, hovers on the horizon. I refer to what may be the greatest war of all—the War of the Races. It might break upon us with unexpected ferocity at any time, receiving its impetus from Mussolini's bold adventure in Africa. It might arise from some insult, trivial in itself, to Japan at the hands of an American citizen. It might be set off by the French in Morocco or by the British in India. Like the Doom that stalks through a Greek tragedy, it is almost inevitable, unless the statesmen of the world act with a wisdom which they have never shown before and of which they give no evidence now.

While the white inhabitants of this globe are quarreling among themselves as to who shall govern the dark continents of Africa and Asia and the outlying islands, they are losing sight of the sentiment of revolt that is steadily increasing among the dwellers of those regions. South African leaders, whose states form small islands of white in an ocean of color, raise their voices in warning, but they are heeded only when the policies they advocate happen to fit in with other interests of more immediate importance to the Great Powers. The anti-white sentiment which has existed for centuries has advanced markedly since the World War. Developments that formerly took decades now take place in weeks. Modern transportation facilities, the telephone and the radio, and the constantly enlarged educational system which white civilization has imposed upon the world have wrought a revolution that embraces even the jungle.



where the white races now predominate—and those, vastly does or where colored rival white in mixed populations.

Japan is not the only element that must be taken into consideration. Beyond Japan there looms—gigantic, mysterious, imponderable—what was once known as the Chinese Empire. China and Japan have gone their own ways independently. Japan, taking Europe as a guide, has shown how easily an Eastern nation can become a force with which even the greatest Powers must reckon. China, on the other hand, has been content to continue her ancient ways. She has a philosophy that makes Western civilization seem frivolous. She disdains the material things for which we make too many sacrifices. Her theories of government and the direction in which the emergencies and talents of her citizens seek free scope are so different from ours that we have no adequate understanding or appreciation of her purposes.

THERE is an old Chinese proverb which says: "A great man never feels great, and a small man never feels small." This saying supplies a key to Chinese philosophy. It has been my privilege and good fortune to know many Chinese statesmen, philosophers, and writers. Invariably I found modesty their dominating characteristic. Many of those who are now in the foremost places, directing Chinese affairs, are among my friends. Intellectually, morally, they are the equals of any men who play a similar part in the Western world. In many ways they are their superiors.

For the present they still adhere to their old methods and their old wisdom. If, forced by our own unwisdom or by the impetuosity of Japan, China should decide to use Western methods in the conduct of her affairs, there will be an awakening that will startle mankind. Such an awakening will give to her five hundred million people a power unexampled in history.

The British have been as a rule sensible in their attitude toward those who have acknowledged their overlordship. India and other countries with populations that make that of the British Isles shrink into insignificance have seemed willing to live under the beneficent rule of Britain. But if Japan should undertake to lead the revolt of the colored races, violent spasms would convulse India and every other territory under white



by COLONEL EDWARD M. HOUSE

A Statesman Who Foretold the War and the Chaotic Consequences of Peace Envisions a Far More Frightful Future

domination. If China should undertake to assert the power which is hers by right of numbers and intelligence, India may do likewise. Then the cleavage between the dark and the white races will become such that it can no longer be bridged by peaceful compromise.

I do not aspire to the role of Cassandra. There is no pleasure in being a prophet of evil. Unfortunately, many of my prophecies have come true. I predicted the World War long before it began. I foretold the economic and moral disintegration that would follow in its wake even before we put our feet under the table at the Peace Conference in the stately halls of Versailles. I hope against hope that my forecast of the violent awakening of the darker races and their militant assertion of power may prove less accurate.

It may be possible to nip the disaster in the bud if we heed the rumblings in Africa and in Asia, if those directing the fortunes of Europe and America mark the storm clouds on the horizon. They must be prepared to treat with greater consideration and respect our more numerous but hitherto less assertive brethren. Our statesmen will have to change their own point of view and they will have to re-educate their peoples.

The way to avoid trouble is to foresee it before it becomes a menace. It may be that nothing can stop the impending conflict. But it certainly cannot be stopped unless the white races realize that we are not merely our brother's keeper but that we must deal with him as an equal. Fairness may bring a favorable response. Selfishness and greed must give way in the conduct of governments, as they are giving way—however slowly and reluctantly—in the conduct of private affairs. If not, we shall have to pay a penalty in a War of the Races which will make the World War seem a pleasant diversion. Western civilization, whatever the ultimate issue may be, can barely survive such a catastrophe.

THE END

The **PRESIDENT'S MYSTERY** *Story*

AN EXCITING NOVEL OF A MAN,
A PROBLEM, AND FIVE
MILLION DOLLARS

PLOT BY
FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

PART THREE—THE REMAKING OF A MAN

by **ANTHONY ABBOT**

READING TIME • 32 MINUTES 8 SECONDS

STORY TOLD BY

RUPERT
HUGHES

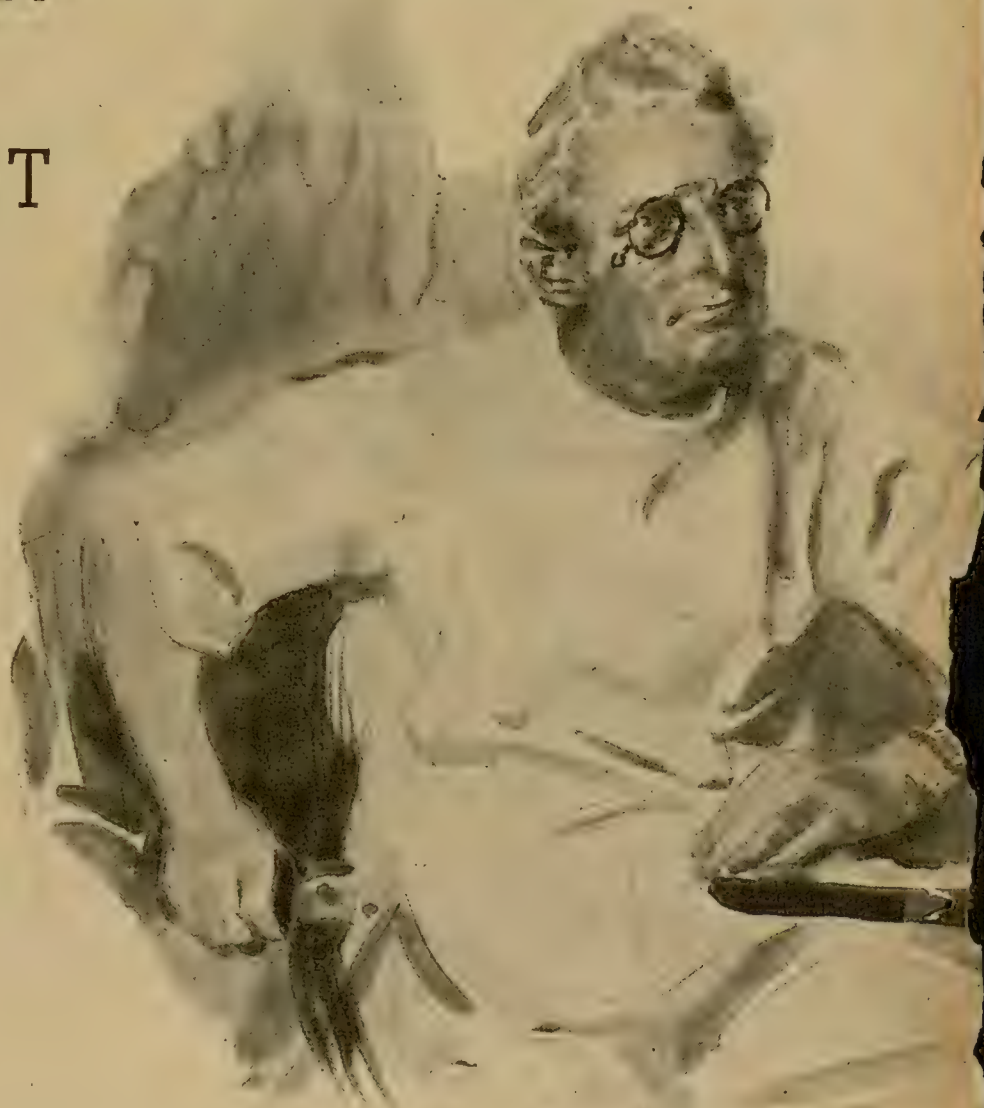
SAMUEL
HOPKINS
ADAMS

ANTHONY
ABBOT

RITA
WEIMAN

S. S. VAN DINE

JOHN
ERSKINE



JIM BLAKE was already on a train, in flight to a new life. All through his long journey he reviewed his desperate plans and his resolve strengthened. In rain and darkness the train drew into Union Station at the city of Omaha. Refusing to surrender his oversized bag to the redcaps, Jim found a taxicab and gave his order:

"Take me to the sanitarium of Dr. Grimshaw."

The driver, an Irish youth and toothless, gave him one long glance. For a moment he seemed about to speak a hasty warning. Instead, he slammed shut the door on his passenger and climbed under the wheel.

In the bouncing cab, rain splashing at both windows and jolting lights all around him, Jim shrank within himself at the strangeness of his situation. Was it too mad to go on with? It was hard to reason, scuttling on in mad darts and turnings and skiddings through this unfamiliar Nebraska town.

Going west out of it now, down a long hill and into an open road across prairies. Still time to back out. Within an hour there was a train back to New York. Back to New York! Back to Wall Street, the Queensboro Bridge, Southampton, to Ilka and his wife's lover. The face of

Charlotte appeared before his mind's eye. What did he see in it? Only denial. Jim Blake was not going back.

With a scream of its brake-tightened wheels, the cab, long since off the main highway, swung up a curving pebbled path and stopped in front of a gate. Jim stepped out. The rain crashed down upon him and rivulets poured from the brim of his hat. He lifted out his bag, put a bill into the driver's hand, and started toward a porch dimly visible. As he mounted its steps—wet, slippery, the boards old and rotten—he felt like a man walking in a bad dream.

He knocked on the door, but there was no answer. Over his shoulder he saw the red taillight of the taxi disappearing. He heard the steady dribble on the porch roof. He knocked again. Still no answer. He turned the knob and walked into the house.

Darkness. He stumbled over a bucket. Something thin and wraithlike passed over his face. He reached up

and touched it. It was a string. He pulled the string and a light came on. He was in a kitchen. The driver had brought him to the back door. Beyond was another door. Jim opened it and stared down the central corridor of an old-fashioned cottage with a staircase rising near the front entrance.

A man with a bloody bandage around his head sat on a hall rack and groaned. A woman stood by him, weeping. A nurse scurried up the staircase. A red-faced clergyman was arguing with a tall gray-haired man in a white coat.

Jim stood in the kitchen doorway feeling like some disembodied spirit come through the walls.

"But I am her pastor," the cleric protested. "If that child is going to be operated on, I want a word with her."

And the man in the white coat yielded:

"Very well, sir. Here she is."

From a room on the right side of the corridor strode an older man carrying a little girl wrapped in a blanket and crying with pain. The clergyman walked with them up the staircase and they disappeared. The man in the white coat stood looking after them.

Jim had to know if he were real. He cleared his throat and said:

"I would like to see Dr. Grimshaw."

The man in the white coat turned, as if by clockwork, halfway around, and Jim saw a pale lean face with overlarge gleaming black eyes, the face of a dreamer.

"I am Dr. Grimshaw. Who are you?"

"I am James Averill Burton."

Dr. Grimshaw rubbed his nose with the back of the first finger of his right hand, but said nothing.

"Don't you remember me? James Averill Burton?"

"No."

"Look here," snapped Jim. "I have been corresponding for weeks about certain treatments, plastic surgery—"

Dr. Grimshaw's countenance changed. He smiled, warm, friendly, eager.

"James Averill Burton!" he exclaimed. "Of course I remember."

You will have to pardon me. You see, this is a private hospital and tonight happens to be very busy. Soften my arteries, but we're a little overtaxed, you see—a little overtaxed. But in another hour we'll talk.

"Meanwhile—you're wet, aren't you? Luggage, too! Soften my arteries, we are overtaxed tonight! Your room is on the third floor front, facing the landing. You can go right up. Don't mind anything you hear. The walls are really too thin for a hospital—even they are a little overtaxed sometimes."

"Mr. Carter!" said the doctor. "A very embarrassing situation has developed. There is a young lady downstairs looking for James Blake."

Jim sighed as he carried his heavy bag up the staircase. He would have to spend the night here; noth-

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JAMES

MONTGOMERY

FLAGG



ing else to do. But he would get out in the morning. This decision was ratified by a thing he passed on the stairs from the second to the third floor—a long brown basket shaped like a coffin being carried down by two men.

But once inside his room, he put down his bag, startled almost out of belief. Here was charm and gracious comfort. Walls newly done in gray and silver with just a faint line of blue in the paneled borders. A modern-style bed. Three comfortable overstuffed chairs; a shelf of the latest books; a hearth on which logs burned and crackled; and a bed table on which reposed a bottle of Scotch whisky, a bottle of rye whisky, soda water, ginger ale, slices of lemon, and a vacuum bucket of ice. Stacked alongside were packs of assorted cigarettes and a box of the finest cigars. At the farther side of the room was a bathroom.

In the sudden revulsion of his feelings, a mist clouded the runaway's eyes. . . .

Two hours later, before that glowing fireplace, Jim Blake, alias James Averill Burton, sat with his new friend, Dr. Grimshaw. Their faces were relaxed. No sign of being overtaxed. A glass of Scotch and soda was in Jim's hand; the doctor had rye and ginger ale.

let it get me. I turned this house, abandoned by the woman I built it for, into a private hospital for experimenting in plastic surgery, which has been the passion of my life. The only other work that is done here is emergency work—automobile accidents, and cases like that little girl, who lives down the road and who had an acute case of appendicitis in the middle of the night."

Dr. Grimshaw leaned forward, his forefinger extended, his eyes glowing with conviction: "Let me tell you that my operating room, and all my hospital equipment, is the best that money can buy. And it is kept in the best of condition every minute of the day. My nurses are experts, and my skill in my field is—I say it unblushingly—unsurpassed anywhere in the world.

"So, before you go back to New York disappointed, I suggest that you look over this little plant of mine tomorrow morning in the daylight, and then go out and make inquiries about me. Ask about me at Creighton University, or the Municipal University of Omaha, where I give a course of lectures. Telephone the medical associations—ask if Dr. Grimshaw is a quack.

"Now, Mr. Burton, I don't want to overtax you. We've had our little drink together and I want to take another

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

UNHAPPILY married to the beautiful exotic Ilka Varaska, Russian actress-refugee, Jim Blake, the American millionaire lawyer, longs to vanish from his fashionable, soul-killing environment and start life over again as somebody else. Jim is forty-three and would like to devote himself and his fortune to philanthropy, especially along the lines of public health and national sports.

Ilka's willfulness, her rages and tricks to get her way, her refusal to have children, and finally a shameless liaison with a young protégé of Jim's—Earle Marshall, a notable tennis amateur—intensify her husband's desire to vanish. So he begins on a definite plan of action.

Ilka will not divorce him. He himself could not endure scandal, anyway. Therefore he determines to drop out of sight, take five million dollars in cash with him, and leave his faithless wife a million or two for her support.

How to convert his securities into cold cash, himself into another person entirely, presents a doubly difficult problem, which is further complicated by his love for Charlotte Hope, a clever and charming girl who has risen to a partnership in

his firm. Secretly Charlotte loves Jim too, but refuses to encourage it and fends off any passionate declarations on his part.

Starting in on his great scheme to transform himself, Jim hires Vaurot, a master ventriloquist and mimic, to teach him his art. He proves himself an apt pupil. For his ironic pleasure, he studies the timbre and inflections of Earle Marshall's voice, and when the tennis player goes South for a match game, he calls up his wife Ilka and pretends to be her absent lover. She is completely taken in. But Jim is horrified to learn of the lovers' plot to kill him!

To the ventriloquist Blake now adds a dramatic coach, Carnock, and assumes the name of Burton. He communicates with a famous plastic surgeon, Dr. Grimshaw of Omaha, Nebraska, and makes certain arrangements for a facial operation. Finally, with his five million dollars in hand, Jim leaves a note of good-by for Charlotte without further explanation. Overwhelmed with anxiety, suspecting she knows not what, Miss Hope feels she must follow him—find him—at any cost.

The doctor was talking: "I'm sure, Mr. Burton, that you must have formed a very unfavorable impression of my little place here. I don't blame you if you decide to take the next train back to New York."

Jim chuckled.

"Well, doctor, if it's all the same to you, that's just what I'm going to do."

"Naturally," acquiesced Dr. Grimshaw. "And that will be a misfortune to both of us. I was a little afraid it would work out like this after you saw my place. But I didn't know that you would show up in the middle of a stormy night when things look their worst anyhow, and when a lot of sick people filled the hallway."

"It was rather picturesque," admitted Jim, thinking to himself that at least the liquor here was excellent.

"But since you are here," went on Dr. Grimshaw, his chin going up pridefully, "I would like to tell you a few things about myself."

"Shoot!"

"I haven't been in Omaha all my life. As you probably found out, I got my medical degree from Johns Hopkins University Medical School in Baltimore and I was an intern for two years in Johns Hopkins Hospital there. I did some postgraduate work in Harvard Medical School and then went to Heidelberg. Now, why did I come back to Omaha?

"Well, it just happened that I had a girl in Omaha. I loved her. She refused to live anywhere else because her invalid mother lived here. That's why I settled down. My wife's mother is dead now—went into a decline after my wife ran off to Shanghai with a soap salesman. I didn't

look at my patients. Suppose we have breakfast in the morning?"

"All right, Dr. Grimshaw; we'll come to an understanding then."

Jim drew down the shades, locked the door, and put the key under his pillow before he unpacked. One had to be careful, with millions of dollars lying about! Not too obviously about, though. Jim felt the money was perfectly safe, for the oversized bag had been built for concealment by that ingenious ventriloquist and magician, Vaurot. The bag was constructed on the principles of a magician's appearing and disappearing cabinet, employing a subtle variation of the false-bottom—or rather false-side—principle.

Jim's bed was very comfortable. The rain washed against the windows, the sound like a lullaby from his youth. He was tired! Voices seemed to whisper to him—Ilka's voice and Charlotte's; and once he heard a dog bark out of doors and he thought of old Tinker back home. And so the bewildered man fell asleep.

Two months later Jim Blake was still in Dr. Grimshaw's sanitarium. Two months that were a kind of death, a gap separating one life from another.

James L. Blake was on the way to being destroyed. A new man was gradually taking his place—almost ready to be born. Jim Blake yielded himself utterly into Dr. Grimshaw's slender white hands; not, however, without a new and doubly thorough investigation and the making of a new bargain—one of the strangest compacts in history.

Jim soon learned that Grimshaw's hospital was the

center, the very core, of an entire cult of plastic surgery. Surgeons from all over the world came secretly to Omaha to try out new theories. Patients went into the cottage looking like demons, and walked out angels in appearance, if not in their immortal souls. Sometimes the rafters echoed with the wails of disappointed ones, screams of pain, or the frenzied shouts of successful patients calling hallelujah to the gods of beauty and deathless youth.

So Jim did question the officials at the university; he did telephone to an executive of the State Medical Association; other steps he took also, but apparently Grimshaw's character could not be attacked. Once Jim's investigation was finished, the two men had a talk.

"Of course," the surgeon pointed out, "this job that you want done, Mr. Burton, is unique. Plastic surgery was never intended to change the identity of any one. It has its own proper place in the medical world. Dr. Wendell C. Phillips, former president of the American Medical Association, said it all when he remarked: 'This important branch of surgery deals with the safe eradication of deformities that have an important influence on happiness and success in life.'"

And on went Grimshaw, telling of great work being done in the field; amazing results achieved by Dr. Jacques Maliniak, formerly a major in the reconstruction hospitals of the Allied armies. He knew the history of the subject, from the skin grafting of the Hindus two thousand years ago and the Italian methods of the sixteenth-century surgeons.

"And now," said Dr. Grimshaw, "if you have full confidence in me, as I have agreed to have in you, we can begin to change your appearance whenever you are ready."

"I can't begin as yet," Jim demurred. "You see, doctor, the job I want you to do is a little more difficult than I have let you know. I want you to make me look as much as possible like some one else."

"Who?"

"That's what I'm waiting for."

"A model for your new face?"

"Exactly."

"How long will you have to wait?"

"I can't tell. Do you mind my remaining as a boarder meanwhile?"

DR. GRIMSHAW stood up, puzzled, his eyes a little sad. He patted Jim on the shoulder.

"No, Burton, of course not," he said. At the door he turned. "But, soften my arteries—I wish to God you'd make up your mind to be entirely frank with me."

And Grimshaw gave the door a modest slam.

Jim had realized from the start that besides changing his appearance he would have to obtain for himself a ready-made personality, the background of a lifetime. Not only did he need a plausible life story to tell—it had to be one that could be

searched thoroughly without exposure. When he finally hit upon a scheme to meet this necessity, it seemed so fanciful that he was tempted to discard it. But at bottom Jim relied on his belief that with money he could buy almost anything—even a substitute lifetime.

From his Brooklyn address, under the name of Burton, he wrote and engaged a Chicago firm of detectives, paid their fees in money orders, and gave them the most peculiar assignment they had ever undertaken. Jim had been in touch with them constantly, had corresponded with them at the sanitarium.

THIS was the job he had asked them to do:

I wish to find a man who is ill with heart trouble and has only a short time to live. He must be a man of some means, retired from business life, but with an unblemished reputation, a financial record that will stand any scrutiny. Further, he must be a man without immediate family, as much of a recluse as possible. This man must know nothing of your investigation. I merely want you to find him and let me know his name and present whereabouts.

The fees for that quest mounted into thousands of dollars. Report after report came to Jim of possible candidates, but he was able to pick a flaw in all.

He had been in Grimshaw's hospital for two weeks when there came a letter from Chicago:

We think we have found the right man [wrote the chief of the agency]. His name is Francis X. Carter. He lives at present in a nursing home in Sioux Falls. Formerly he conducted a highly conservative brokerage business in St. Louis. He is suffering from an incurable heart disease which may carry him off at any moment. It was because of this illness that he sold his business and retired.

He is a native Canadian who has lived in this country for many years. His wife is dead. He has no children and has had no intimates since he left St. Louis.

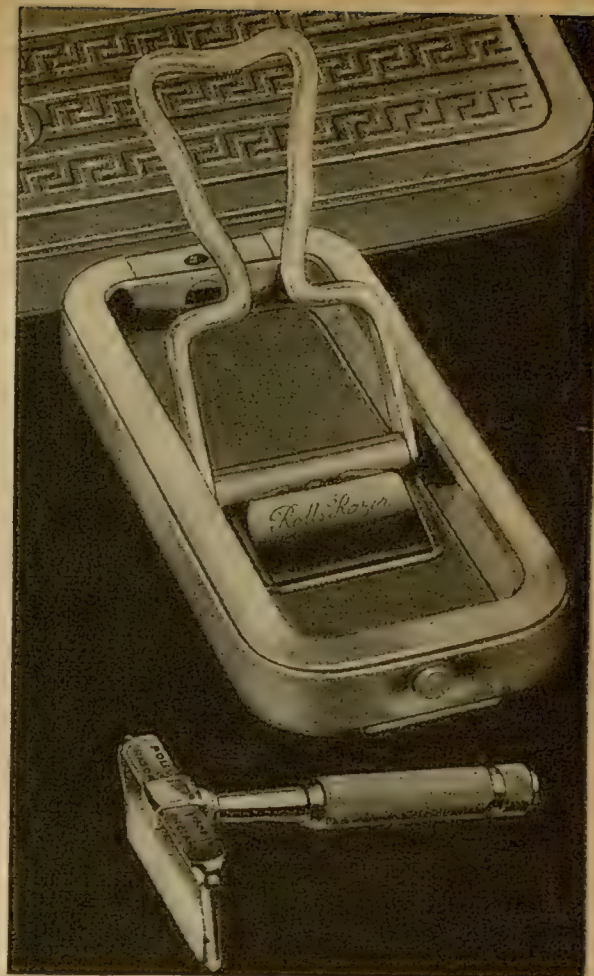
We have investigated Mr. Francis X. Carter thoroughly. We find he is worth about \$200,000. He looks forward to death because he believes he will rejoin his wife, whom he loved very much and who died on the burned ship the Spanish Main.

Then followed some very confidential information about Mr. Carter.

That night Jim went to Sioux Falls, registered under the name of Burton at the brick-fronted hotel, and next morning drove out to the nursing home, where he asked to see Mr. Francis X. Carter.

A deep curiosity came over Jim as he waited. If Carter was the man he sought, he was the model to which Jim was to be shaped—the man he was to look like and represent for the rest of his life. He heard a step on the stair, a feeble step, and Francis X. Carter walked into the room.

He was a personable man, very pale



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and the fangs of his illness had left their mark on him. He was dark-haired, blue-eyed, and a little older than Jim, slightly more slender but about the same height. His nose was straighter, so were the lines of his mouth; the jaw less stern; the forehead higher; and the ears set back more neatly against his head. "A good-looking man," was Jim's instant thought. "Better-looking than I ever was."

"Well," asked Francis X. Carter, "what do you want with me?"

His voice was low and of a gentle cadence.

"I have come to talk to you on a very private and confidential matter," began Jim.

"Sit down, please. But if it's something you wish to sell, you can forget it. I am not in the market for anything. You see, I am an incurable invalid and I am likely to die at any moment."

The man's candor simplified everything.

"Mr. Carter, you have been searching for some one for a long time, haven't you?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"Your sister and her child, to be exact. They disappeared ten years ago. Isn't that right?"

"What right have you to meddle in my private affairs?"

"Take it easy, Mr. Carter. Your sister, whom you loved dearly, made what you called a mistake. A child was born out of wedlock. The father was killed before he could give the child his name. You were a prude—you, the only one your sister had to look to, insisted that she give up her baby. She wouldn't. She ran away. You've been trying to find her ever since."

"Who are you and what right—"

"The right of a man in greater trouble than you are, Mr. Carter. And I can help you. You're trying to find your sister and little nephew because *you* want to help them. Right?"

"Yes."

"Financially?"

"Yes."

"And you estimate your estate at something under a quarter of a million dollars, don't you?"

"I do, but—"

"Wait! If you had to convert your estate into cash today, what would it bring?"

"Not more than a fifth of its value, I guess."

"Maybe even lower. You have no other heirs, so you will leave your estate for your sister and her child when, as, and if found, and by the time they *are* found there may be *nothing* left! Of course they may never even be found! After you are gone the search will be just a mechanical pursuit of your lawyers. So the prospect isn't very bright, Mr. Carter, is it?"

"YOU distress me deeply and I don't know why."

"Because I have a proposal to make to you. I am here, Mr. Carter, to offer you two hundred thousand dollars in cash for all your assets."

"What?"

"I mean it, Mr. Carter. You can take that two hundred thousand dollars, create a trust fund to be held until your sister and nephew are found, and furthermore I will undertake personally to carry on your search with as much vigor as if for my own sister."

"It's impossible," Carter gasped. "It would be wonderful! But such things don't happen. Why should you do this for me?"

"Because I want something from you."

"Ah! Now it comes out. What?"

"What is of no more use to you, Mr. Carter. Your whole past. Your lifetime, past memories, your very name—I want your identity."

"You must be delirious," said Mr. Carter, "or mad."

"I was never more sane in my life," said Jim urgently. "I am going to tell you exactly why I have sought you out, employing detectives to find you—because you are the one man in the world who can help me."

A gleam came into Carter's eyes. His invalid's life had been dull—no one ever came to see him any more—and here at least was something interesting. For half an hour Jim talked, telling his plans but hiding his own identity.

"And now," he finished, "you can understand why I want to buy from you your identity, your good name—and you will have to believe me when I promise you I shall never disgrace it."

"But how *could* I trust you? How do I know—"

"If you will listen," cut in Jim, "I will tell you how."

It was done. Again the power of money had worked to get Jim what he wanted. Exercising every care to safeguard the invalid's health, Jim took Francis X. Carter back with him to the Grimshaw sanitarium.

He gave Francis X. Carter two hundred thousand dollars. Carter was a business man; he blinked in amazement at the sight of all that cash, but he had agreed to ask no questions. He deposited the bills to his account in an Omaha bank with which he had previously done business. He created his trust fund, to be held until the missing mother and son should be found, upon which it was to be turned over to them without restriction.

In this transaction Jim, of course, did not appear. What he had done was to give Carter cash for all Carter's holdings of stocks and bonds, which would then belong to Jim automatically when he assumed Carter's identity.

Already he had mastered Carter's handwriting. The two men spent hours together while Jim learned Carter's life from the cradle until now. Moreover, Carter turned over to him all his private papers without reluctance. He trusted Jim and liked him. In fact there was no kinder companionship anywhere than that of the three men now living together in the hospital—Grimshaw, Carter, and Jim.

ALMOST immediately the work of transforming Jim to look like Carter began. Of course the resemblance would not be exact. That was impossible. But Grimshaw pointed out that Carter had been out of touch with his old associates for years and had been gravely ill. Time and sickness both change a man. Grimshaw declared Jim would look enough like Carter to deceive an old acquaintance, and please God he should never meet one!

With this understanding, Grimshaw and his assistants—his nurses, his tray bearers and pan carriers, his wax melters and bone fitters, his whole disinfectant-reeking crew—would wait upon and work over Jim.

They would begin with the set of the flesh on the face; after would come the posture of ears; the line of eyebrows; and a complete alteration with bone surgery in the length and style of Jim's nose; the correction of a slight cleft in his upper lip; a new line to his jaw; the skin and flesh would ride tightly over new bone lines through bone transplantation—pieces would be taken out of his ankle and grafted on to his jaw to change the contour; change the set of his head on his neck; the very line of his shoulders was to be lifted; of course his hair would be dyed, and he would have to keep after that with frequent renewals.

"And then," added the doctor, "there is one final touch that I shall give you—a very special trick which I have invented: the change in the color of your eyes. You have blue eyes. So has Carter; but the shade is quite different. What I propose to give you is a pair of invisible glasses of extremely fine shatterproof glass which I shall slip under the eyelids. In effect you will be wearing transparent colored glass eyes over your own eyes, and the stain, the color of the glasses will add a new patine to the eyeball and pupil and give you different-looking but still natural-looking eyes—Carter's eyes! Frankly, I do not know how the experiment will work, but I have already written to a glass-eye maker of my acquaintance who is to proceed with my invention as soon as I give him the exceedingly delicate dimensions which I shall have to get from you."

The pain of some of it was hideous. Sometimes Jim went under an anesthetic, but most of the time he had to endure the anguish.

Before the scars had healed Jim began to realize that he was getting to be handsomer than he had ever been. It gave him the courage to let Dr. Grimshaw go on.

Day after day Grimshaw went on like an artist working over a precious miniature, correcting now a deformity about the eyes; lifting the forehead to give a new line to the brows; cutting into the ears to refashion their setting.

"Patience," Jim whispered to himself. "Sit still. Don't flinch. Bear the pain. Hold on to the dream!"

After nine weeks of holding on, Jim's wounds had practically healed, his bones knitted. He and Carter were sitting before the fireplace late one afternoon talking.

"I'm glad it's nearly over," remarked Jim. "I feel as wilted as a lettuce sandwich."

But there came no answering chuckle from his companion. Silence. Jim looked over curiously. He saw the figure of Francis X. Carter crumpled in the chair. Quickly he sprang to his side, then shouted for Grimshaw. But Francis X. Carter was beyond the help of any doctor. His spirit had gone to the wife he had missed for so long.

THE body of Francis X. Carter was buried in Omaha under the name of James Averill Burton of New York.

Two days later James L. Blake, having buried the name of James Averill Burton and having been made to look very much as Francis X. Carter himself had looked in life, left Omaha.

"I shall not be gone long," he promised Grimshaw.

The doctor had warned him that he must subject himself to some finishing touches before he could consider the job complete.

Two days later, early in the morning, Jim Blake—pardon, Francis X. Carter—walked through the high-vaulted and echoing marble concourse of Union Station in the solid and good-humored city of Toronto. Crossing the street to the Royal York Hotel of the Canadian Pacific Railway, he registered in a signature that any friend of the real Carter would have recognized. He was to conquer a new world in this Province of Ontario—which, curiously, he had never before visited.

In the quiet of his suite he began to study the financial pages of the Toronto Mail and Empire. Here Jim was facing one of the most difficult steps in his whole plan. On the next week would depend its success.

For a few days he lingered in the hotel as a tourist apparently interested in studying the city. Time and again he engaged in casual conversation with other guests. One man proved especially friendly. Huge, red-haired, and boy-faced, George Dawkins was a stock speculator, just the kind of friend Jim had been waiting for. Carter and George Dawkins talked together as men who knew the stock market thoroughly. But on Wednesday afternoon, a week after Jim's arrival, the freckled-faced Dawkins asked a pointed question:

"What's the mystery?"

"Mystery?"

Dawkins grinned and showed a mouth full of gold teeth.

"You show up here in Toronto, engage an expensive suite at the best hotel in town, and stay on. You say you're taking a vacation and seeing the sights. That might fool a lot of

people, but not me. What's your game?"

Jim managed a chuckle:

"All very simple. Maybe you can help me. I may have come to Toronto to look around for a little business to keep me interested."

"What kind of business?"

"A controlling interest in a stock-brokerage house would be the natural thing; wouldn't it?"

"That wouldn't be hard in times like these," Dawkins grinned. "There are plenty of firms that could use some capital. But," he added shrewdly, "you would have to be prepared for a thorough going into your past."

"Naturally," said Jim, suppressing a temptation to smile.

It was because of that necessity that he had gone through the elaborate hocus-pocus of buying a new

identity from the real Francis X. Carter. While he was still back in New York with Ilka and Charlotte and his old life, he had ascertained that American citizens could buy, and that many had bought, controlling interests in Canadian brokerage houses—stock-exchange members and non-members, too—but only after exhaustive investigation, particularly as to their previous business associations. In Canada he knew that these investigations were conducted by government securities commissioners.

"I would welcome an investigation," Jim told Dawkins. "Francis X. Carter's brokerage history in St. Louis is an open book and one that I am very proud of."

"Why did you pick Toronto?"

"Because Francis X. Carter is a native Canadian," explained Jim.

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"I'd like to help you. Mind if I make some discreet inquiries?"

"Not at all."

"Then I'll see you tomorrow morning."

The two men shook hands.

Within three weeks from that handshake, Jim, having been well investigated, sat at an office table, ready to acquire fifty-one per cent of a business in Toronto. The firm was called Noble and Scarp, Ltd., and the purchase price of that controlling interest was \$150,000. Not such a big price; but then, it was not such a big firm. The two partners, Messrs. Noble and Scarp, stood side by side in their little office over a bank and looked solemnly at Jim.

Mr. Scarp was thin, short, with gray patches over his ears and baldness over the rest of his head. Mr. Noble was thin and slight but with thin gray hair that very soon would be gone altogether. Both partners wore glasses, old-fashioned watch chains, and carried cigars—bad cigars—over their hearts. Both had baggy trousers and a piqué edging of white around the Vs of their waistcoats. They had been partners for so long that they looked like brothers. Both talked in the same hushed and defeated tone. And whatever Scarp said Noble repeated in slightly different words.

"I'm afraid I can't remain here right away," Jim was explaining blandly. "The fact is that I have to go back and close up some affairs."

"Are we to carry on the business just as usual for the time being?" asked Mr. Scarp.

"Do you want us to keep things going until you get back?" asked Mr. Noble.

"Exactly," Jim agreed heartily. "I doubt if you will see or hear anything from me for two weeks or so. Eventually, however, I will come up here, make my residence, be at the office every day, and gradually take over the routine."

The papers lay on the table. At a nod from the attorney, a bald-headed young man named Cotton, the partners looked at him, a little eagerly.

There was a moment's significant pause.

"And now," said Jim, "you want your money."

"Yes, if you please," purred Mr. Scarp.

"If you don't mind," sighed Mr. Noble.

From his monogrammed leather wallet Jim drew out a green sheaf of bills. Slowly he began to count aloud, thumbing the crisp new notes from his left hand down on the scarred mahogany of the office table.

"One, two, three, four, five—"

His voice rumbled on and on, while Mr. Noble and Mr. Scarp and Mr. Cotton watched, not once taking their eyes from that green cascade—a magic fountain of cash for a firm that had been headed toward destruction.

THEY were all grinning as they parted, but Jim's smile really was the longest.

If you had asked Mr. Noble or Mr. Scarp where Mr. Carter had gone, they would have told you, back to Sioux Falls, where, they knew, he had been living. But Messrs. Noble and Scarp would have been wrong.

Mr. Carter went straight back to Omaha. He was eager now to close up the last, the most difficult, and the most dangerous part of his plans—the murder, the final destruction, of the man who had been known as James L. Blake.

He knew that he would have to make haste. Already Ilka must be suspicious. What, he wondered, was happening at his home, his office, back in New York? At any rate, an investigation could not much longer be delayed, if indeed one were not already under way.

As he rode westward, and thought of his old life, he began to indulge in queer fancies about himself—his new custom-tailored self. Would he think about things differently now, with a different shape to his nose, his mouth? Was his soul changed too?

"If it is," Jim told himself bitterly, "Dr. Grimshaw's knife had nothing to do with it."

No; his soul got sick when he found out about Ilka's faithlessness, and sicker still when Charlotte turned away from him. Charlotte! Wasn't there something silly and

second-childish in a man like himself mooning over a young girl like Charlotte? No more romance for Francis X. Carter. Francis X. Carter had not even met Charlotte, and never would! Jim felt very sure of that. He felt very sure, too, that Francis X. Carter was not different inside from Jim Blake. Inside he would always be Jim Blake—and would always want Charlotte.

BACK at the hospital, Jim gave himself up again to the ministrations of the surgeon and his helpers. Two days more of it, he was thinking as he sat before the fire in his room on a cold Sunday afternoon—two days more, and Dr. Grimshaw would discharge him, a completed case. Then—

Jim was about to light his cigarette when Dr. Grimshaw, dark eyes glittering, gray curls tousled, strode hurriedly in and shut the door.

"Mr. Carter!" he exclaimed. "A very embarrassing situation has developed. There is a young lady downstairs."

"A young lady?"

"She says she is looking for a man named James L. Blake. Ever hear of him?"

"Blake!"

Then, after a moment's pause:

"Why do you ask me?"

Dr. Grimshaw smiled impatiently.

"Carter, you should know by this time I have no interest whatsoever in probing into your personal secrets. But this girl has come all the way to Omaha from New York City. Her name is Charlotte Hope."

Charlotte here! The shock made Jim reel. He stared unseeingly at Dr. Grimshaw. Then he swung himself around and walked carefully over to the window. He forced himself to speak—still in that new voice, the voice the ventriloquist had taught him—Francis X. Carter's voice:

"And I repeat, why do you ask me about this—this Charlotte Hope?"

"Well, the girl says that her employer is missing. She's personally devoted to him. She's trying to find him. She found a letter in one of his desk drawers—not a letter really, but a piece of an old envelope—no address—but my name was printed on that envelope. So she looked and found me and came out here."

"I still don't see—"

"But you must see! I have no contacts in New York, Mr. Carter. You are the only person in New York that I have corresponded with for a long time. Perhaps, Mr. Carter, you slipped up—forgot to tear up that envelope? Now, shall I go back and tell her that I never heard of you? Or some other cock-and-bull story that will send her away?"

Jim Blake was struggling with himself. He took a deep breath.

"Yes," he said a little thickly, "go and tell her a cock-and-bull story. Send her away."

Without a word Dr. Grimshaw turned. His hand was on the doorknob when Jim Blake called out suddenly:

"Wait, Dr. Grimshaw! Suppose I were Jim Blake, this man that Charlotte Hope is looking for—"

"Yes? Suppose you were. What then?"

"You've done about everything you can to change me, haven't you?"

"Everything. When I had put those new patent invisible glasses into your eye sockets I knew my work was finished."

"Then let me go down to Miss Hope. Let me tell her the cock-and-bull story. Let me send her away. This will be the test. If Charlotte Hope does not recognize me, then—Jim Blake is dead forever."

And as Dr. Grimshaw opened the door, Jim Blake straightened up and walked downstairs to meet Charlotte Hope face to face.

Was there ever a situation packed with more dramatic possibilities than this one? What will Charlotte Hope do when she meets the man she loves transformed into another physical being? What can she do? Read the next issue of Liberty and see if you are right in what you now predict.

TO THE

Ladies!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

WHO is the best-dressed woman in America today? And what does *best-dressed* mean? Formerly it meant the woman with the most clothes, the costliest clothes. But women go to work nowadays, so modern styles are designed for the busy woman. Therefore the best-dressed woman of today is the woman most suitably dressed—not the most extravagantly dressed.

New York fashion experts say that Emmy Ives—socially Mrs. Raymond Ives—could, if she wished, claim title to being the smartest and most suitably dressed woman in America. She's a working girl too, and for this reason her clothes ideas are of the highest interest, I think. Here are some pointers she gave me:

"One important factor," she said, "is keeping the contents of your wardrobe closet down to minimum. The fewer your clothes, the better care you can take of them. Clothes in poor condition are never an asset. No dress looks smart if it isn't as fresh as a daisy. For real clothes economy select good fabrics that will stand pressing and cleaning. Favor black or white dresses. Satisfy your color hunger with colored accessories."

Now a few more tips from Emmy Ives:

Men prefer women in blue. . . . Collect plenty of scarves, plenty of good handbags, and save them from year to year. . . . Plan your complete wardrobe for each season well in advance, then *stick* to your plan. . . . Permit yourself only one *fancy* gown. . . . The more

simple your clothes are in general, the better they'll look. . . . To be under-dressed is always ten times smarter than being over-dressed. . . . Hats *must* be becoming as well as fashionable.

● Bet you can't sketch a rough map of your own home town with any confidence in its accuracy. Bet not one reader out of ten can do it—and not one feminine reader out of fifty! A

crowd of us tried this at a party the other evening. All of us had lived in New York for a good many years, yet we couldn't be sure where the rivers come or how the land takes shape, nor could we locate much of anything in relation to the rest of the city.

Fred G. Cooper, the artist who specializes in comic picture maps, has since told me the way to do it. He says start your map from your own street and neighborhood, then branch out in all directions until you get the whole town in. I know he can do it. But I know I can't do it. And I'll bet *you* can't either.

● A letter of historical value from Donald Henderson Clarke, novelist, concerning Vyvyan Donner, the girl who directs newsreel fashion movies, and whom I introduced on this page some weeks ago. Mr. Clarke writes:



MRS. RAYMOND IVES

"I haven't seen Vyvyan for perhaps eighteen years, but she has remained fresh in my memory not only because of her delightful personality, but also because she is one of the two persons I have been able to teach to swim merely by explaining the scientific fact that the human body is lighter than water and can't sink unless fear prevails over reason and self-control, and because at the age of fifteen, I believe, she designed the costumes which revealed the chorus of the old Winter Garden in bare legs."

As author Clarke points out, it is historically interesting to know that "a girl of fifteen, not a bald-headed satyr, was responsible for the innovation of bare legs on the stage."

● About this time every year we go marching to the photographers to have our pictures taken for Christmas presents. And sharp is our gasp of pained astonishment when we see the proofs. "Isn't that awful of me! Just look at my mouth! I always take such bad pictures. I can't understand why!"

You know how we carry on.

I thought it might be useful to find out what the photographers think we should do to help them make nicer pictures of us. They offer the following suggestions:

Wear a dark form-fitting dress. With a black dress wear some sort of white collar or ruffle around the neck. Have your hair done at your hairdresser's the day before. Don't put on heavy make-up.

Just before the photographer is ready to snap you, close your eyes a moment and moisten your lips. And *please* relax.

● For smart Broadway wisecracks strangely mingled with roaring Klondike adventure, be sure to read Edward Dean Sullivan's clever biography of that famous sporting American, The Fabulous Wilson Mizner. (Published by the Henkle Company.)

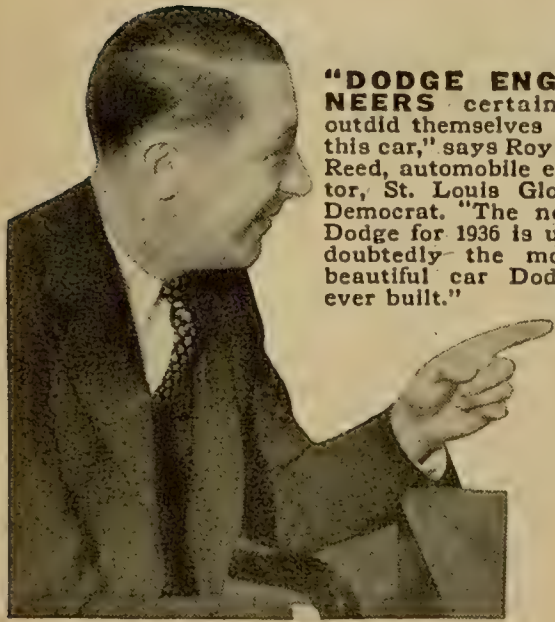
● Inexpensive hams can be baked to taste like the finest—if you know how. Some of the following tricks may seem queer to you, but believe me they bring results.

Try them and see.

Place ham in large pan, skin side up. Pour on 1 can black molasses and 4 quarts weak tea to which 1 teaspoon ground cloves has been added. Soak 12 hours. Put ham in deep baking dish, skin side down this time. Add 4 cups water, cover tightly, bake 4 hours in slow oven. Take out, remove skin, spread ham with mixture of 1 cup tomato catsup and 3 tablespoons made mustard. Return to oven, *baste with beer*—1 bottle will do. After 30 minutes sprinkle thickly with brown sugar, then bake 15 minutes more. Serve hot.



BIG MONEY— “Beauty



"DODGE ENGINEERS certainly outdid themselves on this car," says Roy A. Reed, automobile editor, St. Louis Globe Democrat. "The new Dodge for 1936 is undoubtedly the most beautiful car Dodge ever built."

"OF COURSE any automobile editor knows that Dodge has had a reputation for ruggedness and dependability—and the 1935 model certainly scored on economy. But I hand it to this 1936 job... as the smartest, most fashionable and most strikingly beautiful car Dodge ever made."—Joseph L. Fitzpatrick, automobile editor, Boston Post.



Famous for economy, ruggedness, safety and dependability, new Dodge hailed by noted auto editors as smartest car in Dodge history—

EVERYONE knows Dodge as the car that has smashed all records for ruggedness, dependability, and amazing economy. Everyone knows Dodge as the car that has survived the most tortuous safety tests. Now Dodge steps out ahead with sheer, breath-taking beauty that has provoked enthusiastic praise everywhere—from those who *know*.

Read the comments of automobile editors—men who *know* automobiles. Then see the new Dodge—and you'll say that it is no wonder they all enthuse. At very first glance, you'll recognize the stunning beauty of this sensational new Dodge.

But the Dodge "Beauty Winner"

of 1936 gives you more than style. It gives you all the things you

should demand of a motor car—the things you are entitled to... the kind of a ride that would thrill you even in the most expensive American or European cars... *genuine* hydraulic brakes... safety-steel bodies... Balanced Driving Control... more spacious interiors and above all the economy of the powerful Dodge engine which owners are already reporting gives them 18 to 24 miles per gallon of gas and saves up to 20% on oil.

See this magnificent new Dodge today. Drive it. You'll be amazed at how much extra value this Money-Saving "Beauty Winner" of 1936 gives you for only a few dollars more than the lowest-priced cars.

DODGE

Division of Chrysler Corporation

Through the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan you will find it easy to arrange time payments to fit your budget.



"AS FOR THEIR 1936 CAR I think that for downright beauty and style it beats any car Dodge has ever built," says Arthur B. Layton, manager, automobile department, Cleveland Press. "And I've seen a lot of new Dodges in my day."



"THERE IS NO QUESTION in my mind but that the new 1936 Dodge is the finest looking and handsomest car Dodge ever built," says Palmer Nelson, automotive editor, Minneapolis Tribune. "Dodge engineers should feel proud of their achievement."



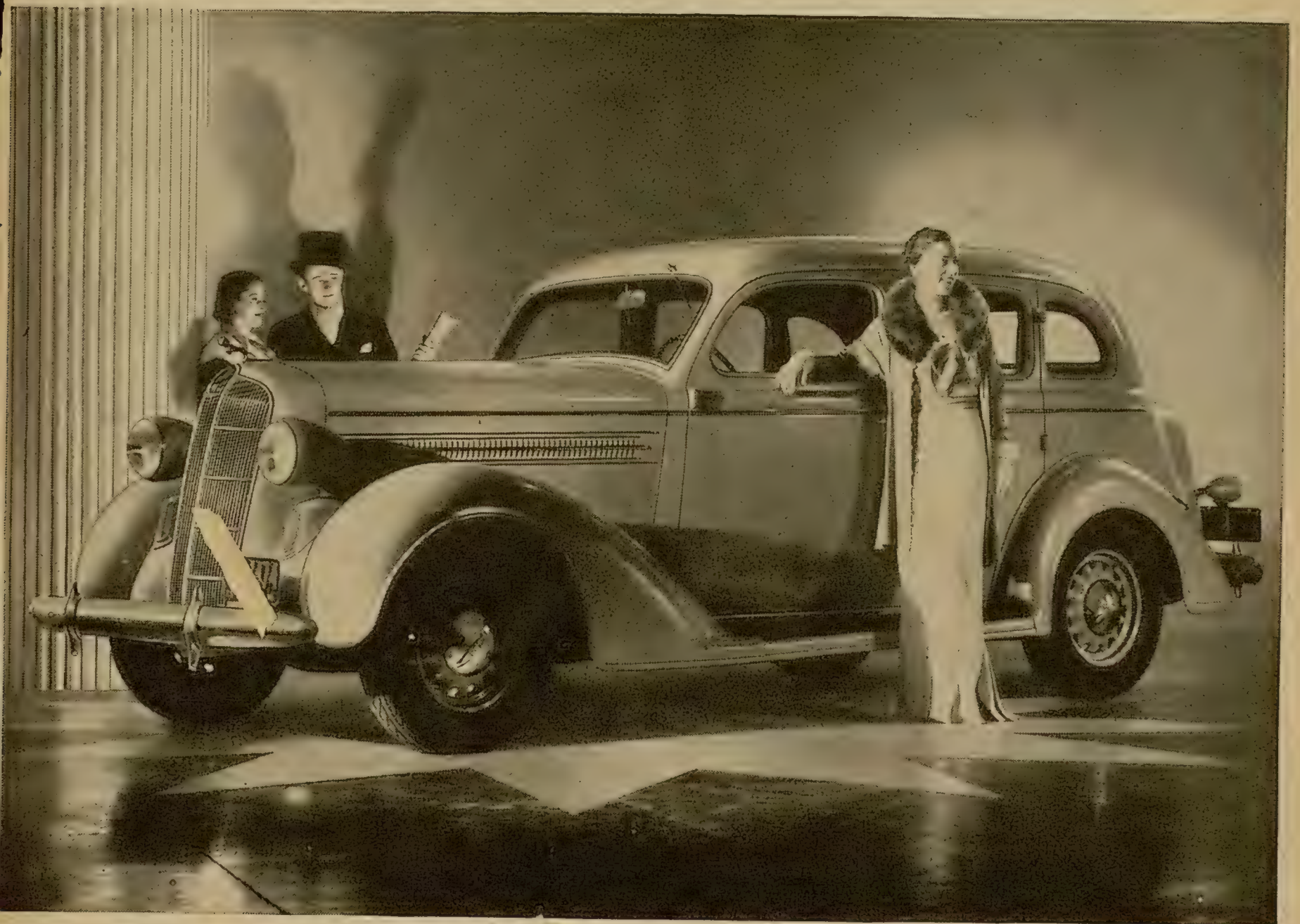
"EVERYBODY KNOWS ABOUT DODGE dependability, owners still talk about the amazing gas and oil mileage they get. But in the 1936 Dodge you've got more beauty and style than any Dodge ever had before."—Arthur Metzler, automotive representative, Buffalo Evening News.



"I DON'T HESITATE TO SAY that this new 1936 Dodge is beyond a doubt the most beautiful car that ever came out of the Dodge plant," says S. Grogan, auto editor, the Washington Post.

SAVING DODGE

Winner of 1936



CHECK THESE BIG-CAR FEATURES WITH ANY CAR PRICED WITHIN \$500 OF DODGE

✓ **PATENTED FLOATING POWER ENGINE MOUNTINGS** smother and stifle engine vibrations before they reach the frame or body of your car . . . prolong the life of the motor . . . make your ride a more restful one.

✓ **GENUINE HYDRAULIC BRAKES** may save a life. Positive in action; sure in emergency. Pioneered by Dodge.

✓ **BIG, POWERFUL ENGINE**—designed to save you money. Drivers already report 18 to 24 miles per gallon—oil savings up to 20%.

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✓ **THE "AIRGLIDE RIDE"**—the engineering feat that made riding literally gliding. The kind of a ride you would expect in only the most expensive cars.

✓ **BALANCED DRIVING CONTROL**—makes handling effortless. All driving operations so perfectly balanced that driving is now more safe, more thrilling, than ever.

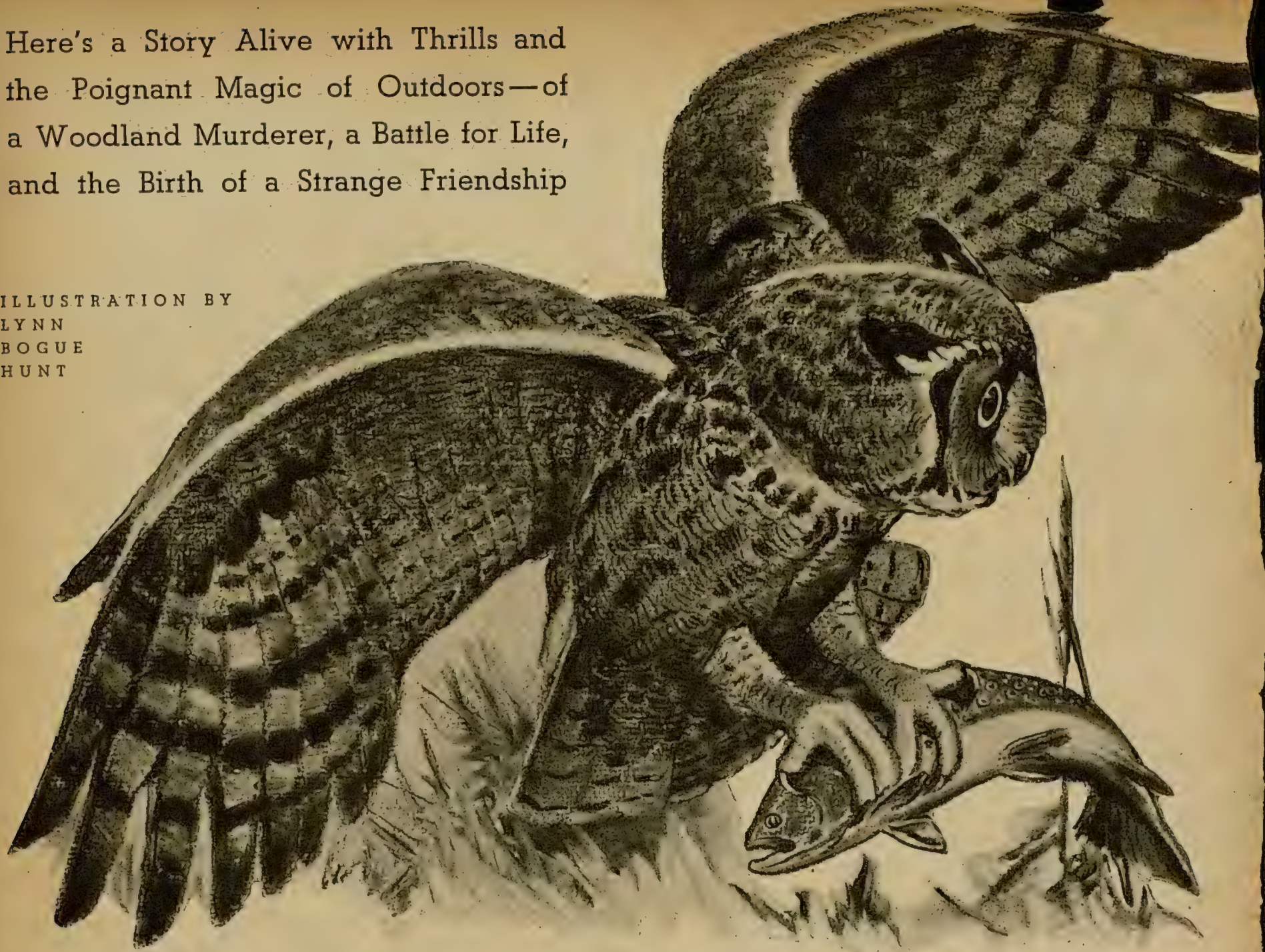
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the Poignant Magic of Outdoors—of
a Woodland Murderer, a Battle for Life,
and the Birth of a Strange Friendship

ILLUSTRATION BY
LYNN
BOGUE
HUNT



READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

The DEN OF

by CHARLES G.

A THICKET of viburnum and sumac bushes, just filming with earliest spring green, effectually veiled the entrance to the otters' den. The den, which had been enlarged from an ancient chipmunks' burrow by a pair of red foxes, was situated under the crest of the river bank about forty feet back from the water. The entrance was no larger, for obvious reasons, than the foxes considered necessary. But the interior, though low-ceilinged, was spacious. The roof was reinforced and protected by the roots of an old hemlock. The foxes had vanished the preceding year, probably by the way of trap or gun; and when the otters in their wanderings had chanced upon it they found it exactly to their liking.

In fact, from the otters' point of view, it could hardly have been improved upon. It was well hidden. It was secure. And there, almost at their threshold, was the little river, at this point spreading itself out in a deep and tranquil pool where the salmon and sea trout rested before ascending the turbulent rapids just above—rapids whose roar came throbbing softly on the chill spring breeze.

With moss and dead grasses the otters upholstered the den softly; for an otter, one of the most active of animals, when he does take his ease loves to take it in comfort.

Here presently were born two blind little otter cubs which their young mother nursed and cherished with passionate solicitude. These were her first cubs, and there were only two of them on that account. For the first couple of weeks she would hardly leave them for a moment, but lived on the fish which her mate caught and brought to her. After their eyes were open she would venture out three or four times in the twenty-four hours, chiefly by night, staying away just long enough to catch a good-sized trout to stay her appetite, and to gambol a minute or two with her mate in the deep waters of the pool, and then hurry back anxiously to her young.

As for her mate, a powerful and battle-scarred old male with fierce mustaches, he was seldom in the den except to sleep away the hours of brightest daylight. But he was a jealous guardian and never for long out of earshot of his partner's penetrating whistle. At other times, a restless and indefatigable traveler and insatiable hunter, he now contented himself within a quarter-

Suddenly the prize was
snatched into the air
and borne away from the
very jaws of the female.



THE OTTER

D. ROBERTS

the den. The great pool, with the rapids above and below it, afforded him all the fish and all the strenuous exercise in catching them that he could desire; and about a hundred yards farther upstream there was a steep clay bank, descending some thirty feet to deep water, where he could indulge to his heart's desire in his favorite sport of sliding downhill. Often in the twilight his mate, curled up in the den with her little ones, would hear a coaxing whistling call luring her to come out and join him in his sport on the slide. Sometimes she would come to the entrance of the den and answer him softly, to tell him that she would like to play if she had time; but never could she be persuaded so far from her precious charges.

A few yards back from the otters' den the forest clustered darkly—spruce and fir and hemlock, with here and there the cold sea-green of a hackmatack, and here and there a bunch of tall white birches, their trunks arabesqued with black hieroglyphics on the shining silvery

bark, their slender branches now tipped with the yellow-green of their bursting buds.

It was latish in the afternoon. The male otter was just gliding lazily down from his den to the pool, feeling comfortably secure, when he glimpsed a gray figure sitting motionless on a stone not more than a dozen feet to the left of where the sumac bushes hid the entrance to the den. Like a flash he was down and into deep water, noiseless as an eel. Instead of making for the center of the channel, he headed up alongshore a little way, and then stuck his head above water and stared hard at the strange figure. It was a man, undoubtedly.

He had had small experience of men, his life having been passed in the dense woods north of the Bay Chaleur coast. But he knew they were dangerous. He sank again, and swimming under water like a fish—indeed there were few fish that he could not overtake in their own element—he made for the center of the pool, where he rose again to the surface. This time he stood up almost erect in the water and eyed the man anxiously. The man had plainly seen the otter this time, but pretended to be quite uninterested in him.

The otter whistled a warning to his mate, telling her to keep hidden and not betray the hiding place of the den.

Then he dived again, and came up close to shore about twenty-five yards below where the man was sitting. The man turned his head and looked at him and made some strange soft noises in his throat. The otter could not tell what these sounds meant, but they were somehow reassuring.

Presently the man arose from his seat, picked up a long slender pole with a line attached to its tip, moved down to the edge of the pool, and began to whip the water. Had the otter only known it, the man was poaching on his particular preserves. In other words, the man was fishing.

But this would not have troubled the otter, for the sea trout were running and there were plenty of fish and to spare.

Presently he saw the man drag ashore a big flopping sea trout and hold it high in air as if showing it off. The man ended its struggle by a sharp blow on the back of the neck, and laid it down in the very middle of the faint trail which the mother otter had made in traveling from the den to the pool. Then he went away through the woods, taking care to make a great rustling as he went.

When the sounds of his going had quite died away, the big otter whistled again, signaling "All clear," and hurried up to sniff suspiciously at the dead trout. The slender female glided out from the sumacs and joined him. For some minutes they conferred together with gentle whistling chirrups, and then the female, who was very nervous over the whole affair but at the same time very hungry, snatched up the prize in her strong jaws and darted back into the sumacs with it. And the male, after some moments of hesitation and of staring at the woods where the man had disappeared, went back to his own fishing. But he kept in the close neighborhood of the den and did not visit his slide at all that night.

On the following afternoon about the same hour, as the big male was starting for the pool, he again saw the stranger sitting on the rock motionless. Again he dived into the water, startled, and came up some distance from the bank to stare at the apparition. Again he whistled the signal to his mate to keep hidden. And again the man made strange soft sounds which somehow seemed partly to reassure the anxious animal. And again the man, wielding his long slender rod and casting his line out over the pool, caught a good-sized trout, held it up to view, and took it over and placed it carefully in the middle of the trail from the den; after which he took his departure somewhat noisily, as on the previous day.

Again the otter whistled to his mate the "All clear" signal and swam for shore to investigate the gift. But before he could get there the slim female, more quick-witted than he, flashed out from the thicket where she had been waiting ever since his first whistle of warning. She snatched up the fish and darted back with it to the safety of the den. The big male looked nonplused for a moment, then turned to his accustomed fishing. And that night he allowed himself to gambol for a while on his slide.

THE same performance took place the next day and for several days following, till the otters grew so accustomed to the man's presence that the big male would go about his fishing and his play in the water as usual, and the slim female would hardly wait for Joe Birch to deposit his gift on the trail and turn aside before darting forth to seize it and carry it back into the thicket.

Then an event occurred which made the otters regard the man as in some sense an ally. It was just about the edge of dusk, and he had been casting for some time before he succeeded in landing a trout. The hollow *who-hoo, whoo-oo-oo* of the great horned owl had been sounding in his ears from the depths of the forest. He knocked the fish on the head, laid it on the trail, and turned away just as the female otter was slipping out to seize it.

Suddenly there was a hushed winnowing of wings just above it, and the prize was snatched into the air and

borne away from under the very jaws of the female. With a shrill snarl she sprang up, snapping vainly at the owl's legs. The man, instantly understanding, turned, grabbed up a stone about as big as his fist, and with a shout of indignation hurled it at the marauder. It was an instinctive gesture merely, but he put all his wrath into it; and to his astonishment the heavy missile reached its mark. The great bird came plunging headlong to the earth, half stunned and with a smashed wing.

The female otter, startled by the man's shout, had shrunk back into the shelter of the thicket; but the big male, too furious to be startled, bounded forward and threw himself upon the struggling owl. The great bird clawed valiantly, gashing his assailant's flanks with his knife-edged talons and striking with his uninjured wing. But the black sickle of his beak was impotent, because the otter's jaws, though clogged with feathers, were fastened at his throat. The animal's fangs crushed the neck beneath and the great pounding wing lay still.

The otter savagely spat out a few mouthfuls of feathers and began to feast on the hot flesh of his victim's breast—a pleasant enough change from his fish diet. The female, quickly recovering from her panic, glided out from the sumacs and grabbed up the lacerated fish. And Joe Birch, with a chuckle of satisfaction, picked up his fishing rod and made off through the darkening forest.



SIR CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

is Poet Laureate of Canada. In addition is an LL.D., a professor, and a major. He was born in Fredericton, N. B., but is more often found in Ottawa, London, New York, or Toronto. Has been noted for years for animal stories.

WHEN, the following afternoon, Joe Birch again put in an appearance, he found himself more or less accepted by both the otters—accepted, and therefore amiably ignored, as long as he did not go too near that screen of sumac. They went about their affairs as if he were not present, darting through the depths of the pool after the fish which never escaped them, and gamboling together luxuriously on and under the surface during the brief absences which the female allowed herself from the cares of the den.

And with keenest interest Joe Birch watched them, proud of having so soon won their tolerance. With all his woodcraft, he had never before had an opportunity to really study otter at home and off guard. He caught several trout on this day, strung them on a cord, and was about to carry them off for his supper. But at this moment the slim female appeared, sniffed expectantly at the trail, and looked at him as if disappointed of her customary tribute. So he tossed her the biggest of his captures and then went his way.

Late that same night the otter pair had a visitor of quite another kind. A low moon was shining above the hills on the farther side of the pool. The big male otter was floating luxuriously in the middle of the silver moon-path. Back in the gloom of the den the female was mothering her cubs, which by this time had their eyes open. Suddenly a faint draft of air brought to her nostrils a scent which was full of menace. Tumbling the cubs aside, she slipped noiselessly to the narrow entrance—to be met face to face by the deadly malignant mask of a fisher, next to the wolverine the most murderous killer of the north woods.

She gave a piercing cry, half whistle, half shriek, and then, bracing her feet firmly just within the entrance with formidable fangs bared, and growling shrilly, she stood ready to battle. She knew that she was no match for the fisher. But she had heard her mate's instant answer from far out in the pool, and knew that, in the narrow entrance, she could hold the enemy till help arrived.

The fisher desperately wanted those plump cubs. He made a lightning feint for the entrance, but jerked his head back just in time as the mother otter's powerful jaws snapped within a hairsbreadth of his evil pointed snout. He knew, for he had heard that answering signal, that the big dog otter, a fair match for himself in strength and courage if not quite as cunning, would arrive within another few moments. His own courage was second to none in the whole range of the forest. But

in this case—was it worth his while? The issue would be more than doubtful.

With a venomous snarl, he darted aside among the bushes, and then made off with dignified deliberation among the moonlit trunks just as the big male arrived, mad with anxiety. He nosed his mate's muzzle in reassurance, and followed the mother into the den. Together they nuzzled the two little ones solicitously for a long time. And no more that night did the male leave the den, lest the dread intruder should return.

Next afternoon when Joe Birch appeared he found the otters much disturbed. He seated himself on the rock as usual. The big male was swimming about in the immediate neighborhood of the den, diving casually after a trout now and then as if his heart was not in his fishing. The female twice slipped out from the thicket and glanced about nervously. Once she even glided over toward where the man was sitting and looked at him directly, as if, he imagined, she was trying to tell him something.

He wondered what could have happened to upset them. And then, since it would be no use casting his flies just there where the otter himself was chasing fish, he picked up his rod and moved off to the head of the pool just below the rapids. As he did so the big otter came ashore, sat up on his hindquarters like a squirrel, and stared after him as if unwilling to have him leave. He went on, however, a couple of hundred yards, and cast his flies in the black water among the slowly whirling foam clusters at the head of the pool. He caught three fish in the space of ten minutes or so, and turned back with them.

As he approached, the male otter slipped into the pool, but remained on the surface close to shore, watching him without any sign of alarm. The female appeared from the thicket, as if she had been expecting him; and when he went to lay down the trout in the usual place she ran forward to get it and almost snatched it from his hand. She carried it into the thicket, but almost immediately reappeared and seemed to ask for more. He threw her another, which she straightway seized and began to devour on the spot, holding it down with her short forepaws and beginning at its head, all the while growling softly to herself while her mate looked on with apparent approval.

"That'll be all for today, lass," said Joe Birch in a quiet voice, and turned homeward, greatly wondering. He had not expected to overcome the otters' shyness so soon. What he could not know was that they had come to regard his presence as in some way a safeguard against their hated enemy the fisher.

JOE BIRCH lived in a comfortable cabin near the river, about two miles below the den of the otters and five miles from the nearest settlement, St. Philibert. He had long ago given up hunting because, as he said, the furred and feathered folk were so much more interesting alive than dead. He had grown to love them all, in varying degree, except the marten, fisher, weasel, and wolverine. The wolverine he hated virulently, a sentiment which was shared to the full by all the other dwellers in the wilderness. He sometimes carried a small-caliber rifle on his noiseless prowlings through the woods, just in the hope that he might meet a wolverine and see him first.

He dressed in dull brownish gray homespun and he walked in cowhide moccasins, that he might go secretly and study the furtive wild folk rather than have the wild folk study him. And to this end he had made himself an adept in "freezing" to absolute immobility, and maintaining this position for perhaps an hour if necessary. He had observed that then the wild creatures, most of them, were apparently unaware of his existence, even if he were in plain sight. But let him move so much as a finger and they were off on the instant.

Joe Birch had enough money to live on in his modest way, and occasional articles in the nature magazines about his furred and feathered neighbors enabled him to send away for the few books he wanted. His supplies he got from the settlement. And there were always fish to be caught with the fly in summer, in winter with a bit of pork rind through the ice. For, with a fine inconsistency, his tenderness for the wild creatures did not

extend to those which lived under the water. Life furred and feathered he felt akin to; but he felt no kinship to the cold-blooded water folk.

He was never lonely, because there was so much to do and to see. He had a fat and amiable woodchuck for a pet, which would climb into his lap to be scratched whenever he would permit it, and spend the rest of the time trying to eat itself to death—except in winter, when it would sleep like a log curled up in its box in the cool cellar among the potatoes, the turnips, and the dried apples.

And there was a pair of consummately impudent Canada jays, known to woodsmen as whisky-jacks, with their dark impish eyes and their trim suits of gray, black, and white, who had their nest year after year in the top of a tall pine tree behind the cabin, but spent much of their spare time hopping around the kitchen floor, picking up anything they took a fancy to and forever teasing the fat woodchuck. They were so familiar with Joe Birch that one or another of them would sometimes snatch off his fork the piece of bacon he was just lifting to his lips, and dodge away squawking in derision when he hurled his tin mug at them. They loved him after their fashion—a cupboard love, to be sure—but they would steal anything of his which was not fastened down.

Then there were other birds always visiting his cabin for food, or for the protection of his neighborhood, which they speedily learned to appreciate. There were many rabbits, red squirrels, and chipmunks, incredibly bold, because they knew that this keen-eyed quiet-voiced soft-moving man creature was dangerous only to the murderous weasels and martens and fishers. Occasionally a deer, or even a lordly moose, would come confidently up to the cabin to lick at a shallow trough which Joe Birch kept filled with salt beside his doorstep. And there was always a grumbling unsociable porcupine or two in the trees, who would frequently come down to sample the salt.

No, Joe Birch was not lonely. He loved all these shy neighbors of his. Even for the sly and mischievous black bear and for the crafty red fox he kept a kindly spot in

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FOR A REALLY FINE GIN, TRY SCHENLEY'S SILVER WEDDING DISTILLED GIN

his heart. But at the present moment all his concern was for his otter friends. He got into the way of spending a good deal of his time over by the otter pool. He would tramp all around the thicket—taking care to keep his distance, so as not to let the anxious mother think he was spying on her den, but putting the man scent of his tracks everywhere about it as a warning to whatever it was whose visit had so upset her. He hoped in two or three weeks more to see her lead her cubs forth, perhaps give them their first lesson in swimming.

He was surprised now—for he knew the otter was largely a night prowler—to see the slim mother come out freely by day and even take a hasty slide or two while he was close by. He did not know that ever since that night of the fisher's visit the anxious mother had kept to her den after sunset, her mate never venturing beyond reach of speedy recall. The fisher, as they were well aware, was chiefly a prowler by night, and they were taking no risks when their tall and mysterious ally was not on hand. It never occurred to them that at times, when there was a clear moon in the sky, Joe Birch was something of a night prowler himself, because he found that at night, in the woods, things were not unlikely to happen.

A FEW nights later they happened. It was about an hour before dawn. A pallid and crooked moon, long past the full, was shining over the pool and through the sumac thicket and throwing a network of black streaks about the mouth of the den. Within the den the mother otter was lightly sleeping, curled about her sleeping cubs. Down at the pool, some fifty feet from shore but deep under water, the big male was gleefully chasing a grilse.

From behind the trunk of the great hemlock above the den came stealthily a squat and sinister-looking beast with a broad head narrowing to the blunt muzzle and massive jaws, and with eyes, set wide apart, that flamed green with malignancy and diabolical intelligence. A whitish stripe, conspicuous in the moonlight, ran along the side of his heavy black-brown body. He was little longer than the big male otter but at least thrice the weight of that swift and sinuous animal. And he walked, like a bear, on

the flat of his muscular feet, moving with a deadly and purposeful deliberation. Every movement indicated his tremendous strength. This was the hated one—the wolverine, the "glutton," "Indian devil," scourge of the forest, who walked the woods alone.

The wolverine's quivering nostrils sampled the air. Preternaturally sensitive, they had caught the scent of otter. But for a moment they could not locate it. Crouching low, he crept forward till he stood on the very roof of the den. The roof was thin. Did he detect a warm odor coming up through it? Or did his ear catch a contented whimpering from the sleepy cubs? Or was it merely his devilish intuition that told him this was the place? Suddenly he began to dig furiously, making the sod fly out behind him with every rake of his powerful claws. He might, had he been less sagacious, have sought the entrance to the den, but he knew it would be too narrow for his broad body. He knew also that at this time of year the cubs would be too young to escape by the entrance. Further, he was well aware—though this counted for little to his savage self-confidence—that the mother otter would almost certainly be at home, and in her desperation would have him at a disadvantage in the narrow passage. If he came down upon her through the roof she would have small chance to fight.

At the very first sound of those raking claws over her head the mother had darted to the entrance and sent out her wild cry for succor once and again. Then she had flashed back to her cubs without waiting for the reply. She thrust them to one side and stood grimly waiting, her lips drawn back from her fangs, immediately under the sound of the digging claws. The big male had just come to the surface, far across the pool, with the writhing, lashing grilse in his jaws, when he heard the signal. Instantly dropping his captive, he sped in mad haste to the rescue, concluding that the fisher had returned.

Within the den, earth and pebbles were raining down upon the mother and the cubs; but the network of roots was holding fast for the moment while the black killer tore at them furiously. Light appeared in several places, and then a great black claw came through between the roots.

Instantly the female seized it and the whole toe with it, and ground her jaws upon it. A snarl of pain and rage came from the wolverine. The mother's head was dragged against the roof and another claw raked her across the face, blinding one eye. But she held on desperately till the toe came off in her mouth.

Next moment the whole roof gave way, and roof and killer came down upon her in a smothering cloud of earth and dust, crushing one of the cubs to instant death. Choking, the mother writhed aside, escaping most of it. The wolverine landed with his snout directly on the second cub. One hasty snap of his jaws and the little life went out.

BUT in that same moment, while he was confused by the dust in his eyes, the jaws of the frantic little female snapped solidly upon the side of his neck, in the thick muscle just under the ear. It was not a fatal grip; but it was a master hold, for it kept the wolverine's head from turning so that his deadly jaws could seize and crush her. The raging killer strove to get her down and smother her with his bulk, but found her slender body as elusive as an eel. Heaving his mighty shoulders, he whipped her body from side to side, trying to throw her off; but her grip held fast. She knew that if once she lost it, that was the end. His long claws clutched at her, gashing her flanks, but could not fix their hold on her sliding body long enough to tear himself free.

And then the big male arrived.

A flame of vengeance, he flashed into the den and in silence sprang for the wolverine's throat. He missed it by a hairsbreadth, for the wolverine jerked his head aside and downward just in time, and just enough to guard his throat; and the otter fixed his long, punishing fangs in the side of his adversary's jaw. This was a paralyzing hold, and any jawbone less sturdy than the wolverine's would have been instantly crushed.

At this critical moment, when it seemed that victory might be close at hand for the otters, the female let go her hold and, whimpering piteously, started to look for her pups. She was a mother first of all; and she probably thought that her big valiant mate was invincible. But now the killer had his opponent directly in front of him. Though his jaw was paralyzed by the otter's grinding and inflexible grip, he had him close in the grasp of his mighty forearms, which could almost tear him apart. The anguish in his jaw prevented this, however, because such a maneuver would have meant dislocating the jaw.

He drew up his hind claws to rip his opponent's belly. But at this moment the female, perceiving her mate's predicament, quit her search for the cubs and fastened her teeth in the sole of one of those great bearlike hind paws. The sharp anguish of this wound diverted the wolverine from his immediate purpose, and he



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doubled over to meet the new assault, ignoring, such was his tremendous strength, the weight of the male clinging to his jaw.

The young female, though game to the death, was an inexperienced fighter; and the big male, for all his valor and the initial advantage of that jaw-hold, would in the end have been ripped to pieces by the killer's eviscerating claws, which were accustomed to tearing their way into the ice-bound caches of the trappers. But just at this point the most unexpected of all things happened.

With long strides and loud shouts, Joe Birch appeared, racing madly from the woods. He had been on one of his night prowls of observation, and from the direction of the otters' den his ear had caught the snarls and thrashings of a life-and-death struggle. He whipped out his long hunting knife from its sheath, threw himself on his face, and peered down into the wide cavity that had been the hidden home of his friends. He saw the battle going on there. The broad back of the wolverine was just beneath him. He buried his knife in it up to the hilt, jerked it forth, and stabbed furiously again and yet again. Convulsively the wolverine straightened out, and then, quivering, lay still. Joe Birch got up, wiped his red blade on the grass, and stood looking down at his friends, while slowly the anger faded from his eyes.

For perhaps a minute the otters continued to worry at the carcass of their foe, unable to understand their sudden victory. Then they looked up and saw Joe Birch standing over them—which explained it. Immediately the mother began to whimper again softly and to dig in the debris of the den for her cubs. The male dragged himself up out of the hole and lay down near Joe Birch's feet. He was panting heavily and he was covered with blood, but he did not seem to be very seriously injured.

Joe Birch reached into the hole, grabbed the wolverine by its bushy tail, dragged it forth, and hurled it away as far as he could—which on account of its weight was not very far. He was careful not to let the body,

which reeked of the nauseating wolverine smell, come in contact with his clothes. Then he ran and jumped on it with every mark of rage and hate—this for the benefit of the big male, who was watching him eagerly. At once the otter followed him, limping a little, and with a savage growl tore out the dead beast's throat. He gagged at the taint, drew back, and moved down to the water, where he rolled and wallowed and rubbed himself on the stones in the effort to get himself cleansed of the filthy reek.

Presently the female emerged with one of the dead cubs in her mouth, and stood for a moment making that pitiful little noise in her throat. She carried the body a few feet up along the bank and thrust it out of sight under a ledge of rock. Returning to the ravaged and stinking den for the other tiny body, she disposed of it in the same way. Then she too went down into the pool to try to rid herself of the defilement.

Joe Birch rubbed his hands assiduously with quantities of moist earth, then went to the pool's edge and scrubbed them with sand and water. The first cold gray of dawn was just beginning to show through the tree-tops behind him. He turned for home, muttering to himself, "I suppose this is the last I'll be seeing of these friendly critters. They'll never hang around that rotten-smelling hole. But I'm glad I slit that wolverine's gizzard for him."

He slept late that morning. When he went out on his doorstep to sniff the weather, he saw the big male otter on a grass patch near it, licking at his wounds and getting his disheveled fur back into shape. He looked up at Joe Birch confidently, then moved over toward a little copse of young fir trees as if expecting him to follow. The man did so very softly, and saw the slim female curled up, whimpering uneasily in her sleep.

And Joe Birch realized, with a grin of deep satisfaction, that the otter pair, suddenly finding themselves homeless and desolate, had formally appointed him to the position of protector against all perils.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 21

1—John Davison Rockefeller, Sr., at the age of thirty-five.

2—A bulge is a minor increase in price. A dip is a minor decrease in price.

3—No; it is the trade name for a processed lamb pelt.

4—Yes. Justice Samuel Chase was impeached (1804) by the House of Representatives but acquitted by the Senate.

5—One may be one half, one fourth, one eighth Indian blood, but not one sixth.

6—Beethoven.

7—Basketball.

8—In the tip of the tongue.

9—A son, David.

10—No; it nests in burrows made by prairie dogs.

11—No; some varieties are deficient in the required sugar-and-solids content.

12—Major Edward Bowes, "Fibber McGee and Molly," Boake Carter.

13—Kenora. The neighboring towns are Keewatin, Norma, Rat Portage.

14—Yes. According to Herodotus, the Scythians scalped their enemies.

15—Police automobiles are driven thirty miles an hour (the speed limit); if any car passes them, police ahead are advised by radio.

16—It is said that Eric the Red so named Greenland to lure colonists from Iceland.

17—William Jennings Bryan.

18—Yes. Among the woolless breeds are the Abyssinian maned and the African long-legged sheep.

19—"To the manner born"; it so appears in Shakespeare's Hamlet.

20—Victor Herbert.



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FOR SKIN IRRITATION

WILL HOLLYWOOD MOVE TO ENGLAND?

IS it good-by, Hollywood?

It looks that way.

For reasons of her own—reasons which may have more to do with politics than with pictures—England is making big financial inducements to actors, directors, producers, and even movie companies to leave California flat and make their homes and their pictures across the sea.

At the same time the State of California, having taxed the movie industry almost into its grave, is threatening to take away the few remaining pennies which it had saved to pay the morticians and the gravediggers.

So, speaking practically, the boys and girls around the tables at the Brown Derby are asking themselves:

"Why shouldn't we move from California to Hertfordshire?"

From a self-interest standpoint, perhaps from a self-preservation standpoint, there would seem to be no answer to that question.

Picture makers aren't native sons. They went to California originally for the climate. Now they don't use the climate.

If they need a forest, they build it in a studio. If they need any particular forest or mountain or city or country, they get it by the new process backgrounds without taking their actors off the lot.

They don't need California, and, from their viewpoint, they don't owe it anything—except taxes.

Being practical men, therefore, they will move anywhere where the moving—and the money—is good; and right now England is such a place.

England has the studios, the directors, the technicians, the farsighted managers, the financial backers, and the will to take the motion-picture leadership away from the United States; and within two years, unless we do something definite about it, she will do it.

Perhaps we fans should take some of the responsibility for the predicament in which the American motion-picture industry finds itself.

We "fell" for the British accent in films and strove hard to make it our own. And we "fell" for the foreign actor and actress from every land. We said, in the case of the men, that they had a distinction our movie actors lacked; in the case of the women, a glamour.

And we didn't stop with half a dozen or ten outstanding screen figures. We accepted as our own so many foreign players that *without them it would now be impossible to cast enough pictures to keep the Hollywood studios open.*

These celebrities of the screen are for the most part not only foreign-born but foreign-bred, and inbred. With a few notable exceptions, they are not American citizens, and have no intention of becoming American citizens; they have come to this country in their comparative maturity to work until they have enough money to retire; then, like Garbo, they "tank" they go home.

But suppose their native lands offer them inducements equal to or greater than Hollywood's?

Suppose they "tank" they go home right away?

Taxes at Home, "Mysterious Money-bags" Abroad—Before You Know It, the Capital of Filmland May Leave the U. S. A.!

by F R E D E R I C K
L . C O L L I N S

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 22 SECONDS

Then there won't be any question of whether or not Hollywood will move.

It will have gone!

As a matter of fact this removal is already under way. Elstree, in Hertfordshire, is now a thriving center of motion-picture production. Denham and Iver Heath in near-by Buckinghamshire are following speedily in its footsteps; together, by 1936, they will afford more studio floor space than the older com-

munity. In another two years, based on this year's progress, there will be enough modern plants in these three towns to make the motion pictures of the world.

It is to make these pictures, to fill these studios, that England is calling home its own. Within the last few months Charles Laughton, George Arliss, Leslie Howard, Robert Donat, Boris Karloff, Merle Oberon, and Henry Wilcoxon have broken away from Hollywood to make at least one picture in their native land.

England is calling also those actors and actresses who, although born in America, have lived long and happily abroad, and are as well known there as here.

Add to these the established English-speaking foreign stars who have not yet come to Hollywood but who have a definite following in America and you have approximately half of the front-rank motion-picture talent of the world.

This half and a good bit more England can, by very little additional effort, make exclusively her own.

Will she make that effort? There is every indication in her present movie setup that she will do nothing else but, and for reasons which are not, at first glance, easy for us Americans to understand.

Except during the World War, when the industry's help was needed to sell Liberty bonds, our governmental representatives, both state and national, have considered it strictly the part of statesmanship to handicap the makers of pictures as much as is humanly possible.

At this writing, the President's Securities and Exchange Commission, the Senate's McAdoo Committee, the House's Sabbath Committee, the Census Department, and the NRA are all investigating the motion-picture industry. And the State of California, as we have already noted, has just enacted a soak-the-movie-rich taxation program.

Some governments think differently about these things. And by "some" governments I do not mean only Soviet Russia. Specifically I mean the British Empire.

The Russian propaganda films are so obvious as to fail almost wholly of their mission. British diplomacy is more subtle than Russia's. Applied to the motion picture, the best British thinking runs something like this: America has made the best pictures; these pictures have been shown everywhere; their influence has tended to Americanize the world; hereafter England will make the best pictures; her pictures will be shown everywhere; their influence will tend to Anglicize the world.

There is nothing unfriendly about the cherishing of this ideal. It is simply a determined effort to wrest the motion-picture supremacy from America.

Shooting a scene at Elstree, England's thriving center of motion-picture production.

Below: Filming a mob scene for the new Sidney Howard picture soon to be released



This new and unprecedented cockiness is based to some extent on the truly remarkable success of recent British films. That success has furnished the British producer with some additional capital and has attracted much more from sources which would seem to substantiate the belief that Britain's new-found interest in her picture products is based on something other than hope of direct commercial gain.

The British government may not be extending a direct subsidy through chosen financial agencies to the English motion-picture producers, but somebody high in authority must be guaranteeing those bankers against ultimate loss—possibly through a remission of taxes either to them or to their movie clients. Obviously a British producer relieved either directly or indirectly of the burden of taxation is more than a match for the tax-ridden California producer. He might even be a good risk for a banker!

Obviously, too, if the British producer is able to pass on in some manner this immunity from taxation to harassed employees who earn incomes which fall normally into the upper income-tax brackets, he can take stars away from his Hollywood brethren if he offers them only half the amounts they have been getting. He does not need to depend on sentiment to bring back from Hollywood the pick of the foreign-born actors and actresses as might prove useful to him.

And our English friends are not stopping with the capture of Hollywood actors. They have already drawn with increasing frequency on the supply of Hollywood writers, Hollywood cameramen, Hollywood technicians, and Hollywood directors—and, as a result, the scripts, the photography, the lighting, and the directing of the best British pictures are now every bit as good as the better-than-average Hollywood product.

Recent dispatches stated that Walter Wanger, distin-

guished independent producer releasing through Paramount, would make at least one picture in London in the spring, featuring Charles Boyer and a prominent American actress still to be chosen.

Coincidentally, Robert T. Kane, representing Twentieth Century-Fox, sailed for

England to arrange for the production of ten pictures starting with George Bernard Shaw's *St. Joan*, and involving a total expenditure by *some one* of \$5,000,000.

The real purpose behind this sudden exodus of movie magnates is not yet clearly defined.

Are they making one last desperate effort to retain some share of the possible future profits of the industry?

Or are they, by establishing themselves on European ground, hoping to accomplish the double purpose of being able to offer their European stars the same European living conditions as the British producers can offer, and of dissipating the growing feeling throughout Europe against American films?

The last-named factor is an important one. We need these world theaters to give us the difference between profit and loss on our big-cost and big-revenue productions; and we have been getting less and less of them.

Several nations have resorted to the convenient censorship device. In 1933 the German censor passed sixty-five American films and twenty-seven from England, France, and other European countries. In 1934 he passed only thirty-seven Americans and raised the European total to thirty-seven. It is just possible that American companies' productions made in Europe might be treated more generously—and that possibility may well be a contributing factor to the American movie magnates' sudden interest in making pictures in Europe.

But whatever the cause of the sudden European hegira, not only of actors but of producers, it is an indisputable fact; and it carries no comfort to those who are either sentimentally or financially interested in the continuance of Hollywood as a movie capital.

The inescapable answer to the question, "Will Hollywood move to England?" is that it is already on its way!

THE END

PIGSKIN SHERLOCKS

by
GLENN S. "POP" WARNER
as told to FRANK J. TAYLOR

For Ways that Are Dark and Tricks that
Are Vain Consider the Football Scout—
Presented Herewith as a Famous Grid-
iron Maestro Has Seen Him

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 53 SECONDS

ANYTHING being fair in love and war, and football being a kind of war, I guess we shouldn't have let ourselves get all steamed up over the reports that Tech had posted scouts with powerful field glasses on high buildings around our field to spy down on our secret practice.

But that was back in 1915, when pigskin scouting was still classed as underhanded work. Today, scouting the other team's stuff is a recognized department of football strategy. It is so much on the up-and-up that you can wire ahead when your scouts will be in town and the manager of the opponents will set aside a pair of complimentary tickets for them.

But it wasn't like that in the good old days and this Tech incident had the Pitt team and the student body all stirred up to fighting fever.

"Tiny" Thornhill, now coach at Stanford, was one of my Pitt players at the time. He was injured and out of play temporarily. He and another crippled Pitt player took it upon themselves to even up the scouting score.

On the bluff behind the Carnegie Tech practice field there stood some of Pittsburgh's finest mansions. From any of these edifices one could look down on the players at practice. Thornhill and his fellow spy picked out the most pretentious mansion, scouted the grounds and discovered in the rear a combination garage and stable. One window of this building overlooked our rival's practice field. Making friends with the Irish stableman, the two visitors were soon glued to the window with opera glasses and notebooks busily jotting down the dope on Carnegie Tech's plays.

What spoiled their happy pastime was the fact that this particular stable window was a special source of worry to Carnegie Tech. The football management had stationed lookouts to report if any one were seen making notes up there. The self-appointed spies were soon discovered and a squad of the enemy started up the hill to nab them. It was too late to make a getaway when the Pitt scouts discovered their predicament. In fact, there was just about a half minute to hide.

"Be fixing this tire," said the stableman. "Hey, you, jump in the feedbin," he told the other Sherlock Holmes, who lost no time diving into the oats.

When the Carnegie Tech boys came in the door Thornhill had grease smeared all over his face and hands and he was making a terrific din banging away with a tire iron on a rim. The newcomers were a little nonplused.

"Where are those fellows who were making notes in that window?" one of them asked.

"Nobody's around here but me and my buddy over there," answered the stableman.

"Were you fellows making notes by the window?"

"Sure, and why not? Didn't my boss tell me to make an inventory of everything in the place?"

After looking Thornhill's work over carefully, the visitors decided that he was the real article in the way of a

noisy tire mender. They returned to their practice and the Pittsburgh Sherlocks lost no time fading from the neighborhood.

Football scouting is more ingenious and likewise less hazardous nowadays than it used to be. Deception being the very essence of good football, it is considered a legitimate part of the game to ferret out the other fellow's schemes for deception before he uncorks them on the field. All of the big

teams use one or more scouts, and some of them scout every game of every major opponent. Sometimes, before an important game, a team will have four or five scouts at a single game studying a prospective opponent's playing from many angles.

To my way of thinking, scouting the opponent as a means of winning ball games is greatly overrated by most coaches and most teams. My viewpoint undoubtedly is influenced by the fact that I have always been more interested in offense strategy than in defense. The reverse is true with most coaches, and in working out an ironclad defense it is vital to know what the other fellow is going to spring on you.

It is good sport, I will admit, to dope out the other coach's strategy and have your team all set for him when



He looked like an old hayseed and told his story so well the guard relented and allowed him to watch.

The visitors decided that he was the real article in the way of a tire mender.



he springs his trick plays. But it is not necessary, and the surest way to win the game is to have more drive in your offense than he has in his. Furthermore, a team that is properly trained should be ready with a defense for any type of play that the rivals want to uncork without special emphasis on special plays of particular teams.

The technique of scouting is something that has developed in recent years. As football emerged from the push-and-pull era into the modern phase in which deception is the very essence of the game, scouting assumed a new importance. The teams with the big gate receipts were naturally the ones who could afford to develop the scouting end of the game.

The scouting staff of a major football team may range from two assistant coaches who handle the job for a modest operation, to a secret service of a score or more scouts in the case of squads where this phase of the game is taken seriously. For games near at home most coaches rely upon their assistants; but to prepare for intersectional matches far away it is not practical as a rule to send a member of the coaching staff.

Scattered over the country are numerous football enthusiasts who make football scouting a paying side line to their regular businesses. The fee for scouting a game ranges from twenty-five to fifty dollars and expenses.

It is my experience that these detailed scout reports are entirely too voluminous to be really helpful to a coach. There are concerns which publish scouting books, quite large volumes, with blank spaces for all kinds of information, ranging from the age and weight of each player, the way he handles himself when he comes on the field, how he snaps out of the huddle, and all his peculiarities. They call for reports on the wind's velocity, the

angle of the sun's rays, and the most minute details about everything.

Some of this dope is worth-while, but most of it is a waste of time. It is useful to know about the man who does the punting, how far he stands back of the line, whether he is slow or fast in his kicking, whether he is a one-step or two-step kicker, and if he has any habits that will give away what he is going to do next.

A good scout is clever at noticing details of significance. Sometimes a punter will spit on his hands or hitch up his pants quite unconsciously when he is going to receive a pass for a kick, regardless of the formation. Often an eagle-eyed scout will discover things that the player's own coach does not notice. These details justify, I suppose, the tomes composed by some scouts.

One season when I was at Stanford we played Notre Dame in the Rose Bowl. The match was unanticipated, of course, and we had no opportunity to scout Notre Dame. So I wrote to a friend who coached an Eastern team that played the South Bend boys. He sent me the entire season's reports made by his scouts on Notre Dame's games. It was a regular five-foot shelf and by the time I had waded through it I was lost in a maze of detail. So we just went down to Pasadena and played football.

Several times the colleges in various conferences have lined up on nonscouting agreements. The coaches on each side have agreed not to scout each other's tactics and they have tried to make the truce work. But they have all been found impractical because invariably overenthusiastic alumni or fans elect themselves self-appointed Sher-

locks and volunteer information they have gleaned about rivals. After that there is always a suspicion that one coach did not live up to the agreement.

The antics of these volunteer pigskin Sherlocks furnish much of the fun of football scouting. Most coaches limit the activities of their scouts to regular games open to the public.

But the few days of secret practice usually held by teams before their major games are a never-ending challenge to the ingenuity of the volunteer Sherlocks. Of course the practice fields are patrolled by student guards, but this only stimulates the urge of the rabid enthusiasts for pigskin spying.

It is positively astounding how many turf experts and hydrant repairmen turn up around secret-practice time. Usually they are cleared out by the guards, but I remember one old fellow who was sitting inside the field, a few seasons back, one afternoon when I had worked out a tricky new formation to spring on a rival team.

"Move on," said the guard.

"Sorry, bud," said the old fellow, starting to go. "I didn't mean to butt in. I've always wanted to see Pop Warner coach, so I just drove over from the farm."

He looked like an old hayseed and he told his story so well that the guard relented and allowed him to watch.

The new formation I had doped out looked good, but there was too little time to develop it completely. In this instance we had only time to develop it for a passing attack. "We'll use it a few times Saturday," I said.

But in Saturday's game every time the boys assumed the new formation the other side deployed for a passing attack. The only explanation of it is that the old hayseed was a rival's Sherlock well disguised.

The technique of pigskin scouting has developed to a point where some coaches employ counterespionage tactics to throw the spies off the scent. The accepted treatment nowadays is to shower the scout with courtesy and fill him full of drinks and erroneous information.

THE END



"Pop" Warner: "Scouting is greatly overrated by most coaches and teams."

Vox Pop

STOP THIS WHOLESAL MURDER!

THIRTY-THREE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY (33,980) people were killed in the United States last year by automobiles.

Who, in your opinion, is more responsible for accidents—the driver or the pedestrian? Are the younger or the older drivers more guilty of the homicidal carelessness? How much are the various "tests" in the various states to blame for bad or irresponsible drivers? Should cars be built limited to thirty miles an hour? And shouldn't road hogs and traffic-law breakers be more heavily penalized for lesser infractions? How about special medical examinations?

What do you Vox Poppers think should be done to remedy this wholesale murder?—VOX POP EDITOR.

NANCY SHOULD BE SPANKED

MUSKEGON, MICH.—I read H. Bedford-Jones's Will the Communists Get Our Girls in College? (in September 7 Liberty, under nom de plume of J. G. Shaw) with interest. But having read of the latest episode in October 19 Vox Pop, I am so angry I just have to give my opinion of Nancy. She is a spoiled, selfish, egotistical brat with too much time and money.

We don't want Communism. If Nancy would spend her time and money helping those in need she would be doing something worth while.

If she were mine I would administer a



good old-fashioned spanking where it would do the most good and then give her a one-way ticket to Russia and let her suffer.—R. C. H.

CURTAIN FOR CURTIN?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—After reading D. Thomas Curtin's How I Helped Bring the United States into the Last War (October 26 Liberty) please allow me to say that I think he is a four-flusher and a liar. He has put one over on your editorial staff and drawn a check that might well have gone for a decent piece of fiction!

To boast that one helped to push America into the insanity of the World War is nothing less than the act of an insane man obsessed with the illusion of paranoiac grandeur.

I have never met Curtin—I never want to meet him; because if I ever do meet him I'll either knock his block off or he'll knock mine off. I'm sixty years old, but I think I can take that boy any day.—Earl Wayland Bowman.

TWENTY-FIVE-CENT DEMOCRATS

SEATTLE, WASH.—In reply to James Moultrie Pierpont Morgan (September 21 Vox Pop) about the Democrats not having twenty-five cents to their name, will say the reason is the Republicans have stolen it all. What the Democrats have, they got honestly. Most of the Republicans are so crooked that if they swallowed a nail it would turn into a corkscrew.—Mrs. Ike.

FRESNO, CALIF.—According to James Moultrie Pompius Morgan, Democrats are all paupers, misfits, and very low-brow, while Republicans are all that the words "success" and "elite" emblazon. We would like to take time out to call this high and mighty financial intellectual genius's attention to the fact that, with all their handicaps in both mind and pocketbook, the aforesaid Democrats are now "dishing up the prunes."—R. L. Goolsby.

TEAGUE, TEX.—If Mr. Morgan, who I presume is a colossal success, would venture out from behind those bronze doors (no doubt he lives cooped up that way) and come down South and reiterate that statement about all Democrats being failures, I would like to bet him his inheritance tax he would get skinned alive.—A Proud Democrat.

[Vox Poppers from nearly every state in the Union answered Mr. Morgan. Their letters would make a great campaign document—printed on asbestos. We regret not being able to give more space to the burning question.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

20 SECONDS FROM SLEEP TO SHOOT

ATLANTA, GA.—I have just read in October 12 Vox Pop C. H. Boyer's opinion that it would be impossible for sleeping men to get a gun into action in twenty seconds from the time they have been aroused, as was stated in Mad Days on the Devil Ship Emden. From this statement of his, I know he has never been on a warship in his life. I have, and I know it is entirely possible—and probable, as I have seen it done!—W. R. Davis.

HAIR SPARKS... RIPPING SHADE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I got so mad at that dope Pershing Williams, in October 19 Vox Pop, who ridiculed the idea of "sparkling hair."

When I was seven my brother cured me permanently of the fear of darkness by playing a game for me. We would stand in a pitch-black room and he would move around so that I would not know his position. The object of the game was to see how soon I could find him. I would tell him to comb his hair. When he did I could immediately go to the spot where he was, for brilliant sparks shot from his hair.—Frederick W. Gessler, Jr.



OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—For the benefit of Pershing Williams, who obviously doesn't believe in "sparks in the hair" referred to in the story The Spark of Death (August 17 Liberty), I can comb my hair in my car with the radio playing a distant station, and the sparks flying will cause the radio to sound like a window shade ripping.—Bill Strother.

POPE... ITALY... PLATITUDES

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—The Pope (see October 19 Liberty) is still in his intellectual pinafores. For his mental salvation I wish to acquaint him with the platitude that force always travels the path of least resistance, be it a bolt of lightning or a nation struggling for a place in the sun. Italy could perhaps tackle France or Germany but prefers to fight Ethiopia. In that direction lies her field of least resistance. She is not actuated by bloodlust nor delight in war, but by grim necessity, which never takes cognizance of religious precepts.

For Italy to hark to the Pope would be like tying a rope around her neck and giving the end into the hands of a lunatic.

Does Pius also think a nation like Germany is forever going to pull in its belt simply because a Hebrew on a mount two thousand years ago counseled men to love one another? Pardon me while I snicker up my cuff.—Arthur W. Thiel.

DON'T-WANT-TO-WORKERS

EUGENE, ORE.—Now that this here depression is over, don't mean that the trouble is over.

The Democrats stopped the depression by settin' aside 20 per cent of us as not ever goin' to get no more work.

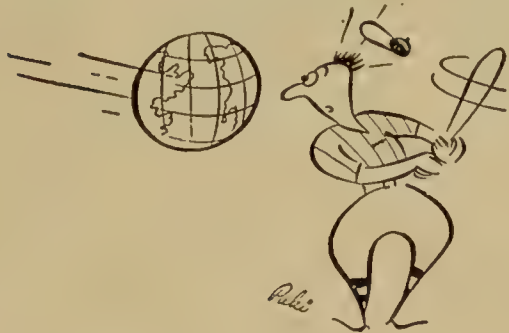
The trouble is goin' to be over who gits into the 20 per cent, as they's a lot more than 20 per cent that don't want to work.—Bruce Cole.

WHY NOT A WORLD SERIES?

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Just recently a series of baseball games was played between the Chi Cubs and the Motorville (Detroit) Tigers. This series is and has been called the World Series.

What we want to know is, where do they get that "world" stuff? As a matter of fact the series in question is not even a United States event, let alone a world one.

Every other world series or champion-



ship game takes on contestants of other nations. Japan plays baseball, as also does the Pacific Coast League. But do we get a chance to compete in this so-called World Series? The two contenders, the American and National Leagues, buy or trade us out of our best baseball material, but they do not invite the P. C. L. to contend for the national championship. How come?

If the American and National baseball people want to hog the thing, let them at least be honest about it. Instead of calling this series the World Series, let them call it the A. and N. C. S.—American and National Championship Series, or something similar.—*Jack Fonn.*

WHY A DIME HAS WINGS

TOLEDO, OHIO—In October 5 Vox Pop I saw a contribution entitled Our Fascist Dime. The person who sent that in doesn't know the half of it!

If you turn the dime over to where the head is, there you will see—"Why, the Goddess of Liberty, of course," some one will say. Look very closely. The face is *masculine*. The image has what one might call a skullcap.

Lastly, since when did the Goddess of Liberty wear wings? The person whose image you see there is none other than the Roman god Mercury!—*Bruce Bucklew.*

HE SPENT 2 DAYS—DOHERTY 4 WEEKS!

SEATTLE, WASH.—In October 12 Liberty there appeared an article, I Lived with the Alaskan Pilgrims, by Edward Doherty.

If there ever was anything that gave me the stomachache, it was reading his article.

If Liberty sent him up there for the truth, all I can say is you are wasting your money. I spent two days there with the so-called Pilgrims this summer, and I

found things a lot different from what your Man Friday found them.

I talked with several men and women, and I found that they were all satisfied and much better off than they were in the States, and if they are given a little encouragement and the feature writers are run out of the territory, they will get along fine!—*H. K. Marshall.*

HOW MANY INTELLIGENT VOTERS?

HIGH POINT, N. C.—We Must Interest Ourselves in Government Or We Perish, admonishes an editorial by Bernarr Macfadden (October 19 Liberty). In his usual clear-cut forcible way Mr. Macfadden brings out facts and emphasizes the dangers of the present economic situation that all thinking people have long since realized.

We know that the present economic set-up must undergo drastic changes, if our democratic form of rule is to continue dominant.

Mr. Macfadden seems to favor some kind of a compulsive voting law. Is it not a fact that 90 per cent of those that do vote are not to be classed with intelligent voters?—*C. B. Overman.*

PEORIA, ILL.—We can interest people in government only if we can show them that their votes have power. Every public office—administrative, executive, and judiciary—should be elective, with one-year terms; the legislative but to prepare laws for public ballot; with one general election each year.

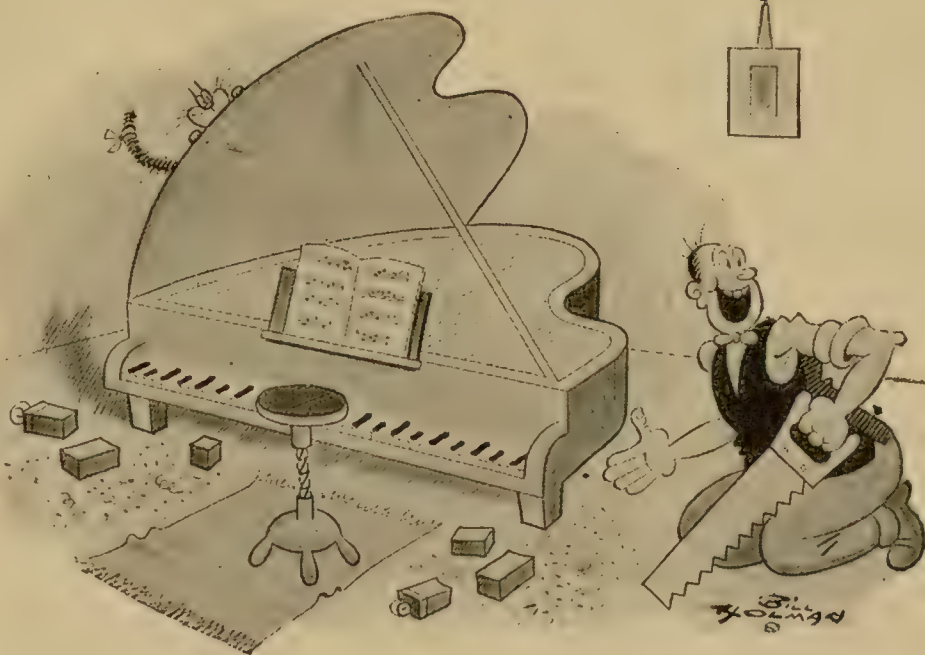
Good government and economic security, co-stars of mundane Elysium, will bless America with their kindly light only when snow is black, coal is white, and politicians become statesmen.—*Andre Andersen.*

SOME SAY "ILL DEUCE" TOO

WESTPORT, WASH.—Would like to get this straight, once and for all:

Some folks argue that Mussolini's name is pronounced Moo-so-le-ny. Others say it is Mew-su-lin-ny. But I argue that it is Muscle-in-y.

Which is it?—*Kathrynne G.*



"Oh, darling—I finally got it level!"

"I AM TERRIBLE MYSELF"

NEW YORK, N. Y.—When I carried home my Liberty of October 12 I was disappointed in the short short story Amen.

However, you squared yourself the following week with Channing Pollock's Thou Shalt Not Kill. That was a jewel and more in a class with your customary offerings in this department.

While I am handing out brickbats, your covers lately have been lousy. I could do better myself, and I am terrible.

And for a bouquet to go with that blast, accept my appreciation for the serial Flower of the Gods. The most fascinating plot I have seen in many a day.—*L. S. H.*

GIRL AS A DE LUXE PET

PATERSON, N. J.—Say, the modern girl is as old as the hills and about as tiresome. However, if used sparingly (like a strong tabasco sauce) the soup of life, as it were, has just the right flavor. Too much and you get the burps.

From the average chap's viewpoint, a



girl seems to rank as a de luxe pet—although a rabbit, of course, is cheaper and a great deal more affectionate.

To marry a dame for life because of the musical lilt of her girlish laughter or because of the prospectus afforded by her bathing suit, is like starting for Shanghai in a rowboat without oars.—*C. W. Magnat, Jr.*

VULGAR AMERICANS

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Replying to Cassius de Bartholdi's complaint, in October 19 Vox Pop, that Americans are vulgar because they stared at him—

Staring is not an exclusive American trait. But Americans have this trait—they are tolerant of the vulgarities and idiosyncrasies of people from other countries.

I have been twice around the world and in twenty-one different countries, and have often been intensely annoyed by people in foreign lands staring at me. And I am neither a raving beauty nor am I painful to look at.

If this Bartholdi person of "refinement and culture" objects to being stared at, why does he get himself barbered in a public place?—*Fraudia S. Warner.*

MADNESS, MELO

4 stars — Extraordinary

2 stars — Good

3 stars — Excellent

1 star — Poor

0 star — Very Poor

★ ★ ★ ½ A NIGHT AT THE OPERA

THE PLAYERS: Chico, Groucho, and Harpo Marx, Allen Jones, Kitty Carlisle, Margaret Dumont, Siegfried Rumann, Walter King. Directed by Sam Wood. Screen play by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind.

THE movies this week are taken up entirely with rich women and music. The funniest and, for that matter, the best picture is evolved from the inanities of the Three Marx Brothers. The fourth and youngest of the family has developed a conscience and acquired a job. The remaining three, however, carry on in their rollicking, unrestrained, and captivating high jinks. And as they are given tuneful support from Allen Jones and Kitty Carlisle, and their most lavish production from M-G-M, A Night at the Opera turns out to be fetching entertainment.

Unlike the heroes of the other films of the week, Groucho Marx does not spurn a lonesome widow just because she happens to have a few million dollars. In fact the smart Groucho pursues the dough-heavy dowager with a persistence that is both tender and touching. Every time he learns that she has a few more dollars he grows more aware of her charms.

While Groucho is campaigning for what is technically known as the hand of his wealthy admirer, his brothers take a dizzy course from the redolent opera houses of Italy to the opera houses of America. This involves a good deal of beautifully timed roughhouse humor and an equal amount of excellent singing from young Allen Jones.

A boisterous, rowdy, and thoroughly delightful piece, A Night at the Opera hits a swift pace from the opening and never slackens under the barrage of puns, songs, dancing, and insane antics that come tumbling on top of each other. Following the same general lines of their earlier hits, the Marx Brothers' new film is imbued with an undeniable freshness and enthusiasm that sweeps crazily, but none the less triumphantly, through the whole cockeyed affair.

Harpo, the bewigged ninny who is screened but not heard, does a lovely turn on the harp, and Chico mangles the language and the piano with equal dexterity. But it is Groucho's undisguised desire for the stately Margaret Dumont that gives A Night at the Opera its distinctive and intangible appeal—that and the brilliant screen debut of Allen Jones.

VITAL STATISTICS: It's the Three Marx Brothers now, Zeppo Herbert having ditched stagemod, which was but stoogedom to him, for the 10-per-cent or Hollywood artists' agent business. The fifth or just plain Marx, Gummo Milton, is Zeppo's Eastern representative. . . . Groucho's the funniest and really Julius Henry. Was the first to be entertaining. At fourteen he went to Denver as a female impersonator, member of the Le Roy Trio. Was stranded there, his measly wages swiped by a fellow Triolet. Was fed bananas by kindly passengers on train trip East. Showed he could make it by promptly becoming one of the Three Nightingales. It was the boys' mother who formed the brother act, managing them till her death. Originally they all played saxophone and piano. Harpo talked and Groucho did German-dialect stuff. Then Groucho switched to the black mustache, the fast patter and cigar, Harpo (Arthur) taught himself the harp, and Chico (Leonard) went antipasto. Harpo once hired a harp teacher, and Chico found up teaching her his method. After the war they added Zeppo: stepped from vodvil to musicomed; and vowed them with I'll Say She Is. The New York intellectuals' pets, their success was meteoric. Today Harpo plays any instrument. Recently went to Russia and took the Five-Year

The Marx Brothers' Dizzy Antics Are Embell
Makes the Welkin Ring, and Mr.

by BEVERLY

Planski by storm. Groucho is comfortably married; has two children; worries; has the fastest wit in America; throws away thousands of jokes in his everyday kidding. Chico and Harpo play tournament bridge; once challenged the Culbertsons to a \$5,000 match. Culbertson refused, dubbing it a gag. The boys still insist it would have been close. Harpo is unmarried; an anagrammariar and badmintonian. Went mute one day when his dialogue got stale and has remained so ever since. Lots think he can't talk, but it ain't so. . . . For the first time in movie history, picture was tried out in tabloid form on the road to see how gags went, which was well.

★ ★ ★ METROPOLITAN

THE PLAYERS: Lawrence Tibbett, Virginia Bruce, Alice Brady, Cesar Romero, Thurston Hall, Luis Alberni, George Marion, Sr., Christian Rub, Ruth Donnelly, Etienne Girardot, Jessie Ralph. Directed by Richard Boleslawski. Story by Bess Meredyth.

METROPOLITAN is a placid recounting of the ups and downs that go into making opera and its performers. The film relies, rather confidently, on Lawrence Tibbett's voice for its big moments, and as Mr. Tibbett is one of the great baritones of all time, these moments make Metropolitan worth-while though something less than outstanding cinema fare.

The story tells of Tibbett's rise from spear carrier to soloist. It's a casual plot, told in an offhand and occasionally humorous vein.

Because he has no reputation, the ambitious songster is refused the chance to step up from the chorus. He steps out of it, though, and runs into a silly, played by Alice Brady, who has enough money to put on her own operas. What with Miss Brady's ample bank roll and Tibbett's voice, the venture is well on the way to success when the rich producer develops an uncontrollable yen to hold hands with Tibbett. With the opening in sight, the spurned Miss Brady walks out on her own company, taking her slight talent and heavy sugar with her.

But the lovely Virginia Bruce, lurking prettily in the background, turns out to have a fortune, too. And the show, as all shows apparently must, goes on.

This negligible plot is pleasantly interrupted by the superb singing of Mr. Tibbett, who offers the Toreador Song from Carmen, the Prologue from Pagliacci, The Glory Road, and the Largo from The Barber of Seville. And though it seemed an unlikely selection for an operatic star on his night off, Tibbett renders the war horse, On the Road to Mandalay, in a manner never equaled.

These songs make Metropolitan well worth your time.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is Darryl Zanuck's firstie for Twentieth Century-Fox. Cost over a half million. Slides in at what may be tail end of the heavy-opera vogue—last few not having done so well. . . . Next to sudden '49 death and oil wells, Bakersfield, California's, chief *raison d'être* is Lawrence Tibbett, warbler baritone terrifico. Larry's grandparents were '49ers. His father was a sheriff killed by Jim (Bad Man) McKinney in a Chinese joss house. Lawrence's uncle then killed McKinney. As a gangling youth, his first ambition was to act, his voice being untried and even considered unfit for an L. A. high-school glee club. Not until after a turn in the wartime navy, plus marriage, plus twins, did he find his voice. Sid (\$1,000,000) Grauman thought he looked like Charles Ray and hired him to sing the joys of horseshoeing in a prologue preceding a Charles Ray



The Three Marx Brothers in a scene from their latest film, A Night at the Opera.

DY, MELODRAMA

ished with Brilliant Song; Mr. Tibbett's Voice
Brisson Pursues a Hectic Career

HILLS

READING TIME
12 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

picture. Had opera whispered in his ear by Rupert Hughes, a good-deed fellow. Left L. A. on borrowed money at twenty-four, to make good by thirty or return and sell motortrucks. Failed his first Met audition; was pacted after second for twenty-two weeks by Gatti-Casazza; almost had spinal meningitis (it turned out to be nervousness) when he had to jump in on road and warble Escamillo's stuff opposite Carmen Jeritza. First actual appearance at the Met was as one of the twenty friars who chant around Chaliapin when he does Boris Godunov. In 1925 he finally knocked 'em dead in the musical aisles when, as an understudy, he stepped in to do Falstaff at the Met. The crisis opened up his voice and he stole the show from Scotti, in whose honor it was being given. After four years of platinum-lined success he did The Rogue Song, and with the money was able to pay his debts (expenses are enormous for a singer) and see daylight—which he sees twenty-four hours a day now, he's that well off.

★★ SHIP CAFE

THE PLAYERS: Carl Brisson, Arline Judge, Mady Christians, William Frawley, Eddie Davis, Inez Courtney, Grant Withers, Harry Woods, Lita Chevret, and others. Directed by Robert Florey. Screen play by Harlan Thompson and Herbert Fields.

ANOTHER film to tackle the problems of wealthy middle-aged women and barrel-chested young songsters is Paramount's Ship Café. Unlike Mr. Groucho Marx, Carl Brisson, the dimpled star of this item, cares not at all for money.

Along with his hatred of cash, Mr. Brisson has a love of ships. An ex-stoker, he longs to skipper a square-rigger. By kayoing the heavyweight champ in a café brawl he receives enough publicity to establish himself as a curiosity, and by repeatedly singing a ditty called Fatal Fascination he manages to hold his new-found public.

When he falls in love with his partner, nicely played by the pert Arline Judge, Brisson's hectic life is further complicated by her love of luxury and her militant jealousy. The major portion of Ship Café is dedicated to adjusting their pugilistic love life and getting the sea-going Brisson back on a ship.

An uninspired but workmanlike film, Ship Café is given bright moments by Eddie Davis, Inez Courtney, and William Frawley as the brash café performers. The settings are especially good and the film is competently directed and photographed. However, it never quite attains any completely stirring scenes; nor does it—except when Arline Judge is being pleasantly tough—ever come entirely alive.

VITAL STATISTICS: Originally The Bouncer, title was switched to give picture more b.-o. bounce. Cost about \$300,000, or medium, stars' salaries being merely colossal. . . . Great Dane Carl (Dimples) Brisson was Carl Peterson when he was middleweight champ of North Europe. Ability to step lightly and gracefully out of the way of haymakers sent him on the stage as a dancer. This was in 1916, and an overnight sensational crack at Prince Danilo in The Merry Widow made him heavyweight feminine heart champ of all susceptible Europe. Believes dogs bring him luck—is never without one. Sings, dances, juggles, camps, using a big white car

with a six-room trailer. Likes to walk; smell the sea; talk with water-frontiersmen; eat *smasgobrod*—the dish the Dane opens a meal with and that has more things on it than a dime-store counter. Speaks four languages; has as many suits as George Raft; collects hats; is happily married; carries a cig case gifted by Rasputin; heads a fan club in England that supports a charity ward; writes and records songs; makes amateur movies excellently; is sensitive; isn't superstitious but carries his champ boxing medals with him always; likes Hollywood (as what foreign actor doesn't); plays Danish billiards, polo; skis; hates to argue; is six feet one; has wavy hair; likes all Danes; never gets mad. . . . William Frawley left the stage three times to court-report and do accounts for a railroad just to please his mother. The lure proved too much in the end.

★★ TO BEAT THE BAND

THE PLAYERS: Hugh Herbert, Helen Broderick, Roger Pryor, Fred Keating, Eric Blore, Phyllis Brooks, Evelyn Poe, Johnny Mercer, Ray Mayer, Joy Hodges. Directed by Ben Stollhoff. Story by George Marion, Jr.

TO BEAT THE BAND features the wealthiest woman in a week of outstandingly rich women. She is played by—you must believe me—none other than Hugh Herbert. Miss Herbert's nephew, also played by Hugh Herbert, is a rather easygoing philanderer, and to protect him from the wiles of scheming young things it is written in his aunt's will that he will not receive the fifty-nine millions due him unless he marries a widow.

In its effort to get Mr. Herbert knotted to some one approaching his own age, To Beat the Band, mildly sprinkled with songs, contorts itself through a lot of slight but complicated situations. The film, as you may judge by the casting, is utter nonsense, and much of it is very funny nonsense.

To Beat the Band might be a happier offering if its playing moved as fast as the plot. But even as it stands the film is full of laughs, overrunning with goofy characters, and sprightly dialogued.

VITAL STATISTICS: Hugh (Jitterpuss) Herbert, weaned on the Gotham curb, once read lines behind the screen in an early attempt at synthetic squawkies. Later he collabed on Lights of New York, first genuiner and now a museum piece along with the Liberty Bell. . . . RKO has knack of turning 'em out, like this one, for about \$200,000, or in the grand manner, like Top Hat, for around a million. . . . Debutting Phyllis Brooks is really Phyllis Seiler of Boise, Iowa. Wants the old career before marriage sets in—and gives herself six years. . . . Helen Broderick (Mrs. Lester Crawford—mother of a grown stock-acting boy) feels she's still a Babe in the Hollywoods.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Broadway Melody of 1936, Alice Adams, Who Killed Cock Robin? The Informer.

★★★—Hands Across the Table, She Couldn't Take It, O'Shaughnessy's Boy, The Last Days of Pompeii, Barbary Coast, A Midsummer Night's Dream, I Live My Life, The Case of the Lucky Legs, The Dark Angel, La Maternelle, The Gay Deception, Here's to Romance, Annapolis Farewell, Harmony Lane, Top Hat, Every Night at Eight, The Crusades, Steamboat Round the Bend, The Return of Peter Grimm, The Irish in Us, Murder Man, She, Page Miss Glory, Anna Karenina, In Old Kentucky, Accent on Youth, Broadway Gondolier, Men Without Names, Farmer Takes a Wife, Becky Sharp, China Seas, Ginger, No More Ladies, Public Hero Number 1, Hooray for Love, Break of Hearts, The Call of the Wild, Oil for the Lamps of China, Goin' to Town.

??? J. F. C., the Lindbergh Case Enigma ???

He heard the shouts of "Extra! Lindy Baby Snatched!" and, against his family's wishes, he appealed to the kidnaper—and did it through the quiet, local Bronx Home News.

He phoned Colonel Lindbergh—and immediately, though a total stranger to them, gained the implicit confidence of both the baby's parents.

He met the evil "John" in the cemetery by night—and, fully believing "John" was all ready

to kill him, said, "Let me get you something for your cold."

He refused to make a positive identification in the police line-up—and then, at the trial, took the stand like an old lion and thundered, "'John' is Bruno Richard Hauptmann!"

Why? Why? Why? Why?

Jafsie Condon has never told. At last, in his own story, he will tell you.

Coming Soon in Liberty!

HE FELL IN LOVE

THE Quaker City dipped suddenly, bow first, then rolled from side to side, spilling Mark Twain and his roommate, Dan Slote, out of their bunks.

Half the Atlantic Ocean poured in through the open port. Something crashed on the floor and rolled.

"What the — is that?"

Mark Twain demanded. And though Slote, getting back into his bunk, explained it was only a bottle of champagne, Twain kept on cursing with all the virility and color he had picked up in his days as a Mississippi River pilot and as editor, reporter, and prospector in California.

He closed the port. He lighted the lamps. He glared at Slote, dry and comfortable in the lower bunk. He glared at the souvenirs acquired by his roommate at every port of call. He started for the upper bunk, and stubbed his toe on a rectangular stone object lying at the foot of Dan's berth.

"A genuine tombstone," Slote explained, in an endeavor to change the current of the young author's invective. "It has my name carved on it in Turkish letters—gilded. Don't ruin it."

The door swung open and a specter in a white wet sheet came reeling into the stateroom. Mark's picturesque language broke off sharply and his face softened as he made the boy welcome and got a dry blanket for him.

"May I stay with you gentlemen for the night? My room is flooded. And—if I drown I'd like to go down with you."

Mark laughed and poured a drink for his guest, then helped him into the dry warm upper berth.

The young man—he was about eighteen at that time, the mid-June of 1867—had shown Mark Twain the miniature of his sister Olivia a few days before; an exquisite face painted in delicate tints on old ivory. And after that the author hadn't been able to do enough for Charley Langdon. Several times he had made excuses to go into Langdon's room, simply to look at that miniature. He had even asked the boy to give it to him. But Langdon wouldn't part with it.

Now, while the ship tossed in the gale and the wind howled and the lamps flickered, the men began to talk, to tell stories, to relate experiences.

Every once in a while Mark Twain would make some reference to that miniature. So artful was he and so adroit that young Langdon began talking of his sister without any prompting.

"You know," he said, "we went skating one night in Elmira. Olivia was about sixteen and a good skater. But this night she fell and hurt herself. Her spine."

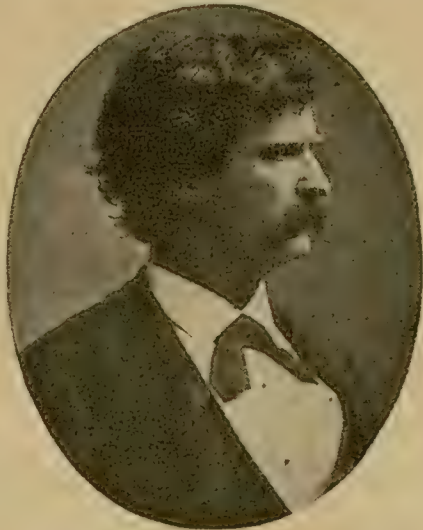
"For two years she was in bed. She couldn't sit up, even when supported, and she was always in pain. Dad called in the very best doctors he could find, but nothing helped her. One doctor built a pulley arrangement which raised her so slowly that it was an hour before it brought her halfway to a sitting position. And even at that, she fainted. The pain was too great."

There wasn't any storm on the Atlantic now. Not for Mark Twain. There was only a girl in a quiet room,

Never Before Quite So Beautifully
and Revealingly Told — New Light
on the Romance that Ruled the Heart
of an American Immortal Whose 100th
Birthday We Celebrate This Month

by LOUIS B. DAVIDSON

READING TIME • 13 MINUTES 40 SECONDS



Mark Twain about 1867

being raised by pulleys and fainting with the pain of it.

"One day the wind blew into her room a scrap of paper advertising a faith healer. Well, you can imagine how mother felt. She talked it over with dad. He didn't believe in this faith healer. Neither did I. But he let mother have her way, and the healer came, a Dr. Newton—a thin man with

sallow cheeks and flaming eyes.

"The room was dark. The first thing he did was to say, 'Let there be light!' and throw up the curtains and open the windows. Then he bent over Olivia and prayed. Then he put his arms about her and told her to sit up.

"Dad was furious. Olivia couldn't sit up. He told the faith healer to get out and leave her alone. But this man acted as if he hadn't heard a word.

"Nobody else ever treated my father that way. I couldn't imagine what would happen.

"Sit up,' the fellow said. 'My arms are about you.' And Olivia sat up!

"We couldn't believe it, though we saw her do it. I heard somebody sobbing. It was mother.

"Now lie down and sleep,' the healer said. 'I'll come back tomorrow.'

"I didn't see him go. None of us did. He was there one minute and gone the next. Olivia was sleeping.

"He came the next day and told her to put her feet on the floor and stand. And—please don't think I'm lying—she got up out of bed, without any pain or effort, and stood looking at us. I was there. I saw her!

"The third time this Newton came, Olivia walked the length of the room to him; and he said to her, 'Health and strength will now abide with you.' Something like that. Dad offered him money but he wouldn't take it. He seemed to be offended. He went away. We never saw him again. But from that time to this Olivia has been well."

"By the—"

Mark Twain checked himself and managed to speak casually. "By the way," he said, "I'd like to meet your sister sometime, Charley. That's the most remarkable cure I ever heard of."

It was half a year before he met her. He had already made some little reputation with his Jumping Frog story. He became famous through the work he did on this trip; the letters he wrote to newspapers. Later he published them as a book, *Innocents Abroad*.

The Quaker City came back to New York in November, 1867, and the young author set about at once to get a job, to publish his book, and to meet Olivia Langdon.

He spent Christmas at Dan Slote's home in New York, and there met some of his old shipmate friends, Langdon among them. "My people have just come to town from Elmira," Langdon said. "I'd like to have you meet them."

He was to meet them in a box at Steinway Hall, where Charles Dickens was to give a reading. Mark Twain was in the box, waiting patiently, half an hour before the Langdons arrived.

WITH A PICTURE

"By the way," said Mark, "I'd like to meet her."

He was spellbound when Olivia came, escorted by her father, Jervis Langdon, and her brother. He had never seen so dainty, so fragile, so lovely a woman. He could hardly speak.

Dickens recited the death of Steerforth that night; but Mark heard little of it. He was engrossed with the girl. Maybe he could sit beside her in the carriage on the way back to her hotel. But Olivia bade him good night before she started for her carriage.

Samuel L. Clemens had been in love before—or fancied himself in love.

But this, he realized, was the great romance of his life.

On New Year's Day he went calling with Charley. Of course it was just an accident that led him first to the home of Alice Hooker, a niece of Henry Ward Beecher. And it was, naturally, a tremendous surprise to him to find Olivia there.

He arrived at eleven in the morning. It was almost midnight when he left. This time he did sit beside her in the carriage that bore her to the hotel.

But it was many months before he saw her again.

There was work to do. He made money lecturing. He was paid more than any opera star of the period. But he hated the work, the dreary train rides, the crowds.

And he was depressed and sick because there was no word from Olivia, no invitation to visit her people.

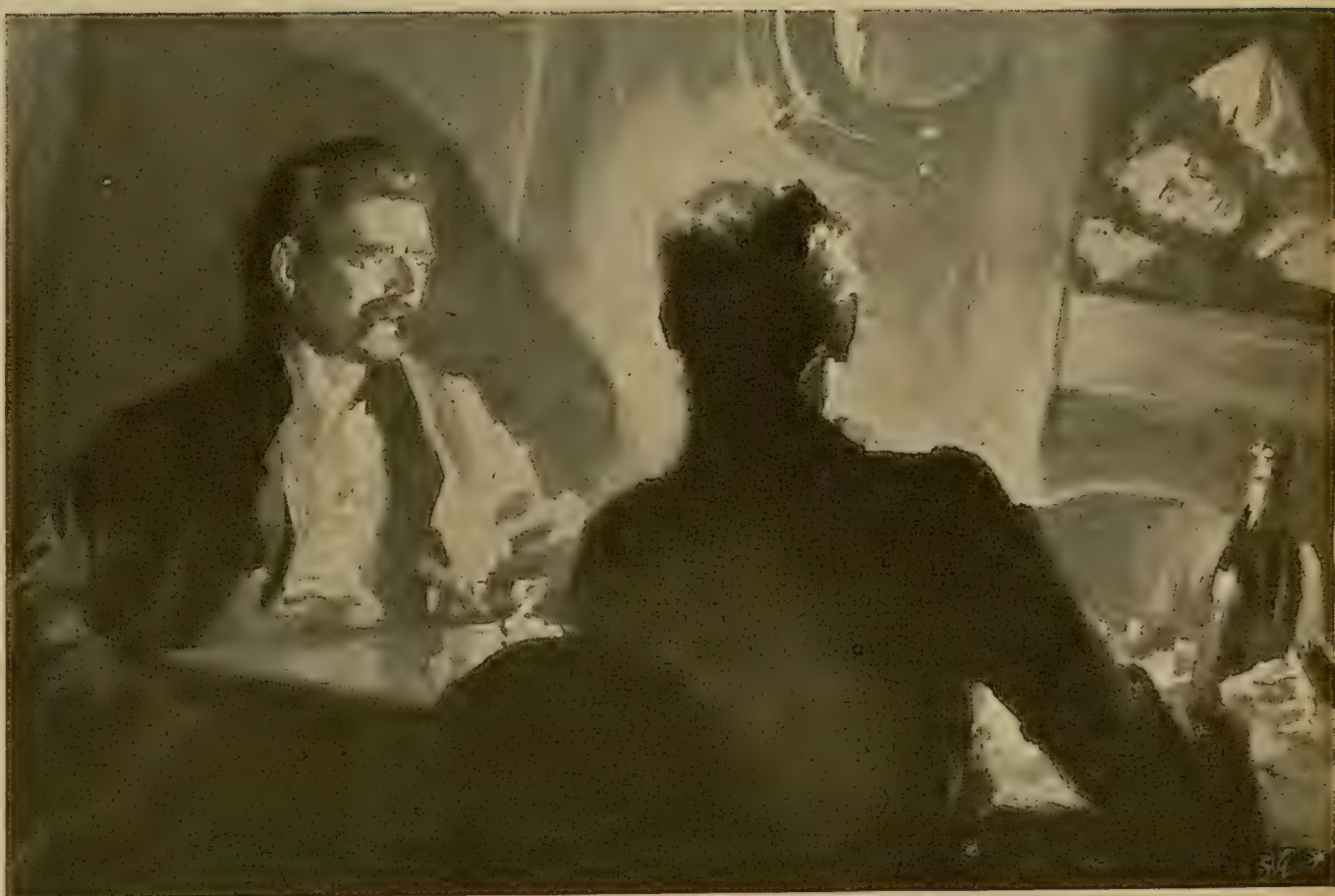
He was planning to drop everything and take the first train to Elmira when he opened a letter from Charley asking him to come and stay a week.

But even a week was too short.



The fateful miniature of Olivia Langdon in 1867.

On board this ship, the Quaker City, Mark Twain first saw the miniature.



"I don't think it's fair for me to stay here until night," he said to Charley on the last day.

"Why not?"

"Because I'm in love with Olivia."

Langdon was shocked. He worshiped Mark Twain. But at the same time he didn't see this brusque rough Westerner as a fit suitor for his sister.

"Father will be dreadfully upset," he said. "He'll blame me. Listen. There's a train in half an hour. I'll get the coach. We'll hurry."

But Mark had changed his mind.

"Let's go easy on this, Charley. I've enjoyed the way you played host. You've been wonderful. Keep it up until tonight and I'll be careful."

They started after dinner, Charley and Mark. Olivia bade her suitor a gentle farewell. The horses leaped ahead—and as they did so the rear seat, which had not been securely locked, fell backward and tumbled the two men to the cobblestones.

It is doubtful that Mark tampered with that coach—but there is no doubt that he pretended to be unable to walk. He was in such seeming pain there was nothing for the Langdons to do but to bring him tenderly back into the house and put him to bed.

Olivia nursed him. Olivia insisted he stay until he



well. Olivia waited on him in his every waking moment. Mark stayed two weeks.

He came often to the Langdon home after that; but he couldn't seem to make any headway in his suit. Not until he invited her to one of his lectures. The night after the lecture she avoided him. The second night she admitted she loved him but was sorry she did. But the day after that she confessed she was proud of it and glad.

He had won her at last; but he hadn't won her father. Jervis Langdon, Elmira's "coal king," wasn't going to give his daughter to any fly-by-night writer, not even if he was making a lot of money—not until he was satisfied he'd make a good husband.

"Write Joe Goodman of San Francisco," Mark advised him. "I've lied for him more than a hundred times. I suppose he'd lie for me just this once."

He gave Langdon time to make such investigation as he could. He went away on an extended lecture tour. It was in February, 1869, that he asked for a showdown.

"Your friend says you're a good author but you'll make the worst husband in the world," Langdon told him.

Mark had the look of a lost soul.

"Can't you think of any one else I could refer to?"

Mark shook his head.

"Well, since no one else wishes to say a good word for you," the old man said, thrusting out his hand, "I suppose I'll have to sponsor you myself."

"Sound the loud timbrel," Mark wrote his friend Joe Twitchell, "for I have fought the good fight and lo! I have won! Refused three times, warned to quit once—accepted at last, and beloved! If there were a church in town with a steeple high enough . . . I would go out and jump over it."

But it was a year before they were married. Mark had bought an interest in a Buffalo newspaper, so he must live in Buffalo. He asked Langdon's agent, Slee, to find him a modest boardinghouse. After the wedding Slee drove bride and groom, in a sleigh, around and around the city until Mark became impatient. At last they stopped at a magnificent house.

They entered. They were dazzled by a flood of lights. Friends showered them with greetings. Servants led them through luxurious rooms gayly decorated.

Mark was terrified. He couldn't pay for all this.

"Don't you see what dad's done?" Olivia said. "He's given us this house as a present!"

Langdon, smiling, stepped forward with the title deeds; and Mark found his tongue.

"Father, you're a brick," he said. "Any time you come to town, stay with us, even if it's for the night. It won't cost you a penny."

MARK TWAIN and his wife were opposites in many ways; but their marriage was one of the most idyllic ever recorded. Mark was mercurial, explosive. Olivia—

"She was," William Dean Howells wrote, "the loveliest person I have ever seen—the gentlest, the kindest, without a touch of weakness; she united wonderful tact with wonderful truth; and Clemens not only accepted her rule implicitly, but he rejoiced, he gloried in it."

He did; though he liked to pretend that she was very stern with him.

"Once I remember seeing him come into his drawing room at Hartford," Howells has written, "in a pair of white cowskin slippers, with his hair out, and do a crippled colored uncle, to the joy of all beholders. I must not say all, for I remember also the dismay of Mrs. Clemens, and her low, despairing cry of 'Oh, Youth!'"

"Youth," Mrs. Clemens called her husband. His commonest name for her was "Livy."

Thirty-four years this romance lasted, through happy days and sad, in poverty and riches, in sickness and in health. Olivia was never strong. Her first child died in infancy, and there were other tragedies that took toll of her. For more than two years before she died she was an invalid; and for many days her husband could

see her and be with her only for a few minutes at a time. The least little change in her alarmed him or made him happy.

"For two days now we have not been anxious about Mrs. Clemens," he wrote to Richard Watson Gilder. "After twenty months of bedridden solitude and bodily misery, she all of a sudden ceases to be a pallid, shrunken shadow, and looks bright and young and pretty. . . . But ah, dear! it won't last. . . ."

And next day: "I have just paid one of my pair of permitted two-minute visits per day to the sickroom. And found what I have learned to expect—retrogression."

Mark couldn't write during this time. He could do nothing but wait for the moments he could spend in the sickroom. His daughters, Jean and Clara, were in constant attendance on the invalid. He envied them.

JEAN wore herself out and contracted pneumonia. Clara did double duty, and lied about Jean.

"Daily," Mark wrote, "she sealed up in her heart a dozen dangerous truths, and thus saved her mother's life and hope and happiness with holy lies. . . . Clara could tell her large improbabilities without exciting any suspicion, whereas if I tried to market even a small and simple one, the case would have been different."

On Monday, February 2, 1903, the thirty-third wedding anniversary, he was allowed to see Livy for five minutes. By June she was so well she could stand a little traveling. During the summer she improved, and the doctors recommended a winter in Italy.

Mark rented the Villa Reale di Quarto, a fine old palace overlooking Florence, and it was here, on June 5, 1904, that the romance came to an end.

Mark was permitted to stay an hour with her this day, because she was so well, so animated. When he was summoned at last to go, he chided himself for remaining so long; but she said there was no harm, and kissed him.

"You will come back?" she asked.

"Yes. To say good night."

He went to his room. He felt exalted. He went upstairs, to the piano, something he hadn't done since his daughter Susie died, and played and sang old jubilee songs that Susie had

liked—Swing Low, Sweet Chariot, and My Lord, He Calls Me.

Mrs. Clemens heard the music and smiled tenderly.

"He is singing a good-night carol to me," she said.

She asked to be lifted up; and in that moment life went out of her. Mark played on, his heart glad, filling the old Italian palace with the music of Negro spirituals.

There was a little group of women around Olivia's bed when he came in to say good night.

"I bent over her," he wrote Howells, "and looked in her face, and I think I spoke—I was surprised and troubled that she did not notice me. Then we understood, and our hearts broke. How poor we are today! . . . I am tired and old; I wish I were with Livy."

They brought her back across the ocean, "the best heart that ever beat for me and mine"—deep in the hold of the Prince Oscar. And no doubt, as he turned and twisted in his lonely bunk, the world's most famous author remembered those days so long ago when she was but a picture to him—a face in a miniature on the dresser of the boy in the adjoining stateroom.

In the house where the faith healer cured her, in the room where she was married, her coffin rested. And the voice that had made her a wife now prayed for her departed soul.

Clemens ordered a simple marker for her grave, with only her name on it, the dates of her birth and her death, and the words "Gott sei Dir Gnädig, O meine Wonne!"—"May God be gracious to you, O my radiant joy."

And in his Eve's Diary he epitomized his romance with her: "Wheresoever she was, there was Eden."

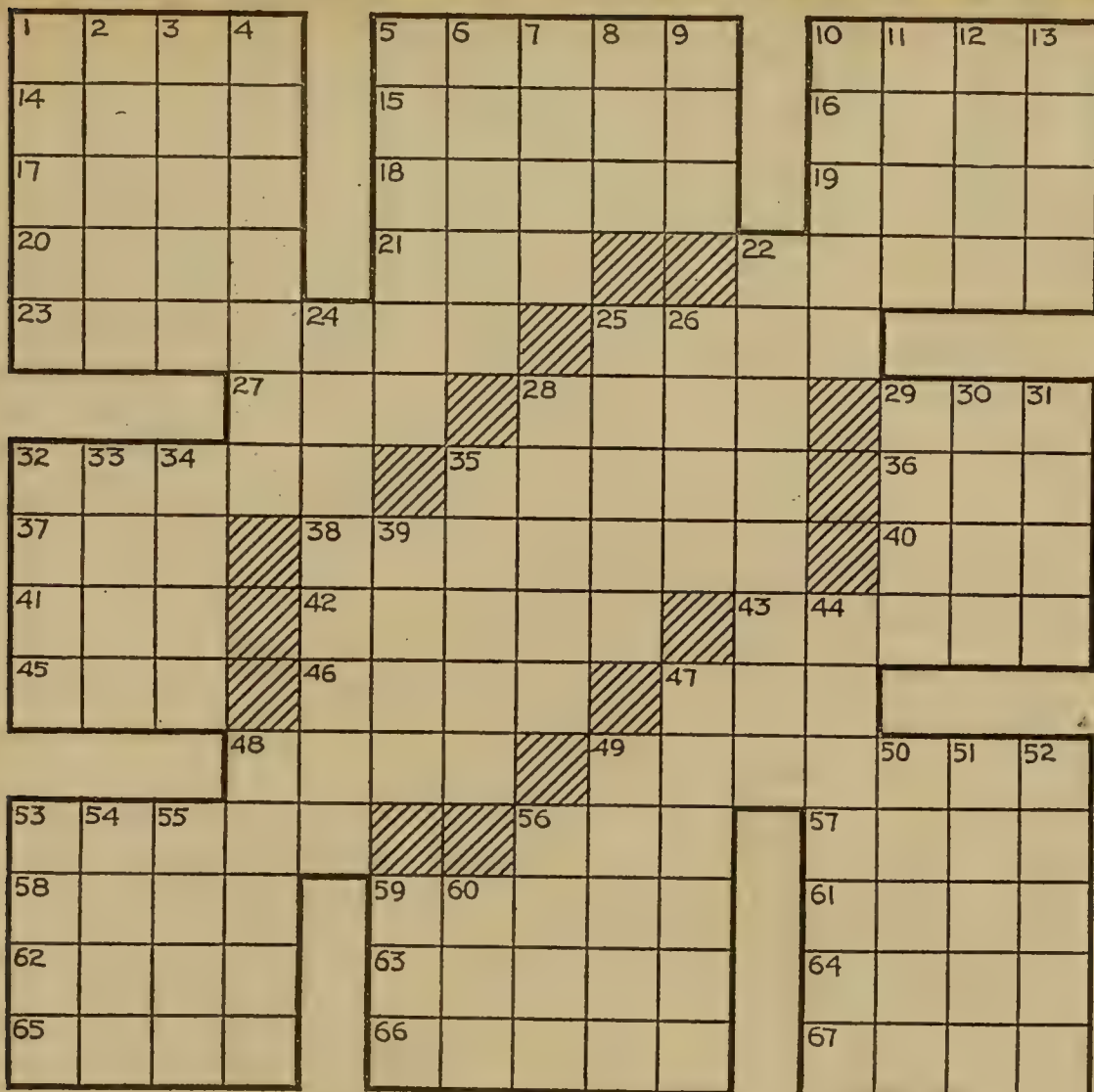
He was old and tired, as he had confessed, and done with life. And when it came his time to die, in 1910, he was not unhappy—for he would lie again beside her.

THE END



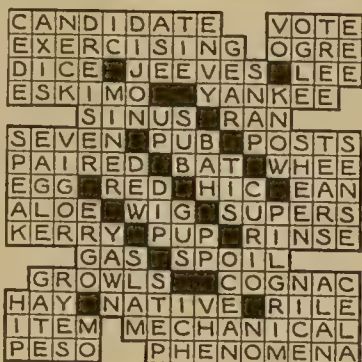
LOUIS B. DAVIDSON
is a lawyer with a passion for marine history and literature, of which he has a library, and for the sea itself and ocean travel. He's at home in a hurricane, he says. Member of a firm which makes radio law a specialty.

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

- 1 White flakes of ice
- 5 Combining form meaning feather; wing
- 10 One of the sons of Noah
- 14 Learning
- 15 Intertwined
- 16 Part of a draft horse's harness
- 17 An elaborate melody sung by a single voice
- 18 A fine powdered lava
- 19 A feminine proper name
- 20 A single pillar used to support something
- 21 Prefix: equality
- 22 Anticipatory terror
- 23 Province in Italy
- 25 An outbuilding
- 27 A usual or fixed practice
- 28 Discharged, as a fire-arm
- 29 Bird of the crow kind
- 32 A gap or break
- 35 To stand on end, as hair
- 36 Intoxicating pepper plant of Borneo
- 37 Rouse into quick action
- 38 Defames
- 40 Small fishing boat
- 41 An artificial language
- 42 First sign of the zodiac
- 43 Sinews
- 45 Cardinal number
- 46 Intestines
- 47 Insect of the order Hymenoptera
- 48 Encloses and confines



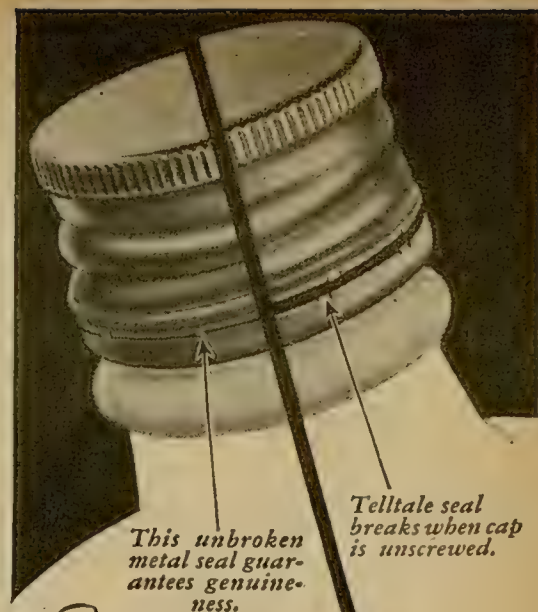
Answer to last week's puzzle

- 49 Character in Aida
- 53 Malaysian canoes
- 56 Put in place
- 57 An assumed part
- 58 Points
- 59 Aft (nautical)
- 61 Labor
- 62 Let it stand (printing)
- 63 Either of two species of large ruminant mammals
- 64 Pertaining to an era
- 65 Dry and withered
- 66 Thither
- 67 Lairs

VERTICAL

- 1 Strikes sharply
- 2 A Persian water wheel
- 3 A large bay window
- 4 One that wears a covering (plural)
- 5 Audible utterance of grief
- 6 Sixteenth-century Italian poet
- 7 The daughter of Air and Earth (Greek mythology)
- 8 Portuguese coin (variant)
- 9 Alleged force or natural power (plural)
- 10 Wing cover of a beetle
- 11 Haul or drag
- 12 Woman's name
- 13 Meadow
- 22 Abhorred
- 24 Creates turmoil
- 25 Unkempt wild growths
- 26 A cornu
- 28 Hordeolums
- 29 Fish of the carp kind
- 30 In a line or rank
- 31 Wits
- 32 A shoot or sprout
- 33 To withhold from knowledge
- 34 Immeasurable period of time
- 35 Cuts into long pieces or strips
- 39 Genus of starch-bearing plants
- 44 Filled in with rubble (masonry)
- 47 Combat between armed forces
- 48 Urgency
- 49 Have relation or reference
- 50 Irish poet
- 51 Pertaining to an ancient school of Greek philosophy
- 52 Vends
- 53 A defile
- 54 Act of performing solemn service
- 55 Hebrew measure
- 56 Indistinguishably like
- 59 Represent dramatically on the stage
- 60 Exclamation of extreme contempt

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue



Schenley's
Cream of Kentucky

STRAIGHT WHISKEY

See advertisement . . . Page 37

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216
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Analyze Liberty's weekly sale of 2,174,000 copies. You will see that this is the equivalent of 216 people paying a nickel for a copy of Liberty every single minute. 216 nickels, every minute of the day, 7 days a week, 52 weeks a year! A tremendous and continuous affirmation of Liberty's popularity.

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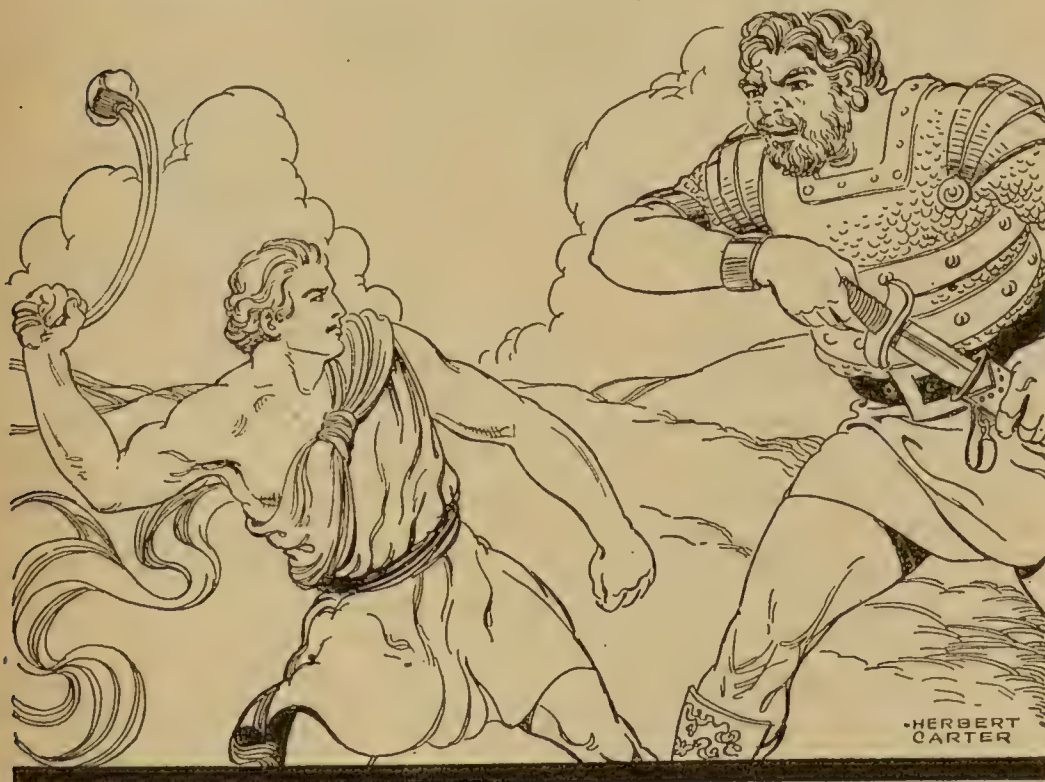
You'll be Happy at the Ritz

FOR CASH AND INSPIRATION, LIBERTY'S BIBLE GAME \$2,500 IN CASH PRIZES!



The verse represented by picture No. 3 is:

Verse No. Chapter No. Book
Chosen from the King James section ☐ Douay section ☐ of
the Condensed Bible. Please check.



The verse represented by picture No. 4 is:

Verse No. Chapter No. Book
Chosen from the King James section ☐ Douay section ☐ of
the Condensed Bible. Please check.

LATE-ENTRY OFFER!

If you are just entering the game and have given away or mislaid last week's Liberty containing the first two pictures, mail a request for free reprints to the contest address in Rule 3. Upon their arrival you can bring your entry even with the field.

READ THIS SCHEDULE OF CASH AWARDS

FIRST PRIZE	\$1,000
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TEN PRIZES, Each \$10	100
170 PRIZES, Each \$5	850

IN ADDITION!
TO THE PASTOR OF ANY
DENOMINATION NAMED BY
THE FIRST PRIZE WINNER
LIBERTY WILL AWARD \$250

THE SIMPLE RULES

1. Liberty's Bible Game consists of sixteen pictures. Two will be published each week. Contestants are to choose the most appropriate verses for these pictures *exclusively* from the contest abridgment of the King James Bible, or *exclusively* from the contest abridgment of the Douay Bible (not from both), contained in a booklet entitled The Condensed Bible, and give the verse designations in the spaces on the answer blanks provided for this purpose. Verses in complete editions of the King James and Douay Bibles that do not appear in the Condensed Bible will not be considered. Copies of the Condensed Bible have been presented to public libraries throughout the United States, where they can be conveniently consulted. Entrants who want the Condensed Bible for home use can buy a copy through Liberty for 25 cents postpaid. Only United States money orders or currency are acceptable.

2. The prize schedule appears above. The entrant submitting the most appropriate verse-answers for the sixteen pictures accompanied by the best statement of 250 or less words telling "What religion means to me" will receive first prize. Statements will be judged on the basis of clarity and convincingness. The entrants submitting the next most appropriate verse-answers and next best statements will be given the remaining prizes in the order of their excellence. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid. Elaborate entries are not desired.

3. The sixteen pictures and answer blanks, or reasonably traced or drawn facsimiles thereof, with solutions and statements must be submitted by first-class mail at one time, as a unit, with contestants' names and addresses, by Wednesday, January 22, 1936. All entries are to be addressed to Bible Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

4. Entrants may submit as many complete units of pictures, answer blanks, and solutions as they wish, but only one prize will be awarded any one person.

5. Every one is eligible except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

6. The members of Liberty's Contest Board will be the judges. Their decisions will be final and entrants take part with this understanding.

7. The Bible Game is nonsectarian. Hence Liberty will not interpret verses, publicize sectarian views, or engage in correspondence on these subjects or any other phase of the contest.

LUCILLE

Liberty's Short Short

by

WALTER DAY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

WHEN Don Willard, fresh from an Eastern college, came to the TX ranch in New Mexico, he was a woman-hater.

He announced he'd come West to stay and that he wanted to become a good cowhand. That's all the notice we cowpunchers needed to start the fireworks. For several months Don Willard got the roughest dose of cowpunchin' we were able to hand out. But, havin' the right stuff in him, he stood the test and learned fast.

He and me threw in together from the start. I knew cattle, havin' been raised with 'em, and he knew a lot of things I didn't, so we educated each other as we went along. The only weak point I could see in him was his views on women. One day I asked him why he was so down on 'em, and he replied:

"The only woman in the world I could ever love threw me over for another man. That's why I came West. Women are so damned unreliable."

Don had been with the TX a year when one day he said to me, "Ike"—Ike Johnson is my name, and has

been for forty summers and almost an equal number of winters—"what do you think of my buyin' Powell's ranch up on the Penasco and his two hundred cows?"

"If he'll agree to your terms and you can dig up the cash, there's no law to stop you," I said.

"You see," he went on, "my parents died when I was fifteen and left me a trust fund, and enough has accumulated from the income for me to buy Powell out."

"So you're really goin' to stay West?" I said, thinkin' how most men who came from the East went back after the Western glamour wore off.

"Sure," he answered. "I want to be clear of women the rest of my life."

Don bought the Powell ranch, and he took me there with him. It was a good layout, with plenty of water and grass. The house was a log affair of four rooms, which Don fixed up in fine style. We did our own cookin' and had just enough cow work to keep us reasonably busy. Don seemed contented and I know I was, for I'd ridden hard for big outfits for years and was fed up on it.

We'd been sittin' pretty on the Powell ranch for a year, when Don took down with the fever. I worried along with him single-handed for a few days, then sent a Mexican over to Alamogordo, fifty miles away, for a doctor. The doctor gave me a batch of medicine to give Don and said with proper care the fever would wear itself out in a few days; but when the few days were up I knew the doctor had missed his guess, for Don was worse—part of the time he was out of his head. It sure had me lookin' at my hole card. I did a lot of thinkin' about what to do. Finally a thought came into my mind and stuck. I said to myself, "This is a case for a woman to handle, and not a cowpuncher who don't know one damn thing about sickness." But where was I to find the woman?

After rackin' my brain quite a while, a plan came out. Don, when out of his head, kept callin' the name

"Lucille." Of course, I didn't have the faintest idea who Lucille was, but it was important—Don's life depended on it—so I began diggin' in his desk among his papers and letters. I finally found the name in a letter from a friend of Don's in New York, and where he said he'd seen Lucille Dickerson and she'd asked about him.

I went into action pronto. I made up a telegram to Don's New York friend sayin' that Don was very sick and was callin' for Lucille Dickerson, and askin' him to ship her to New Mexico quick, 'cause she alone could save

his life. I got a TX puncher to take the telegram to Alamogordo. He agreed to wait for an answer, and if the reply said she'd come, he'd wait for her.

In five days the TX puncher drove up in the ranch's buckboard with a swell-lookin' woman. I met 'em at the gate. I was never so glad to see any one in my life. She looked like an angel to me.

"How is he?" she asked.

"Better, but still sick enough," I replied, and led the way into the house. I hadn't told Don any-

thing about sendin' for her—thought the surprise might snap him out of the fever.

When he saw her approachin' the bed, his eyes all but popped out of his head.

"How did you happen to come?" he asked.

"I just came to nurse you," she calmly replied.

I could see Don was embarrassed, but I figured that it was natural, considerin' him bein' a woman-hater.

Well, that girl pitched right into the nursin' job, and I never saw better care than she gave Don. In ten days she had him sittin' up.

I felt mighty happy at the perfect way everything was workin' out, and I was proud of the judgment I'd used in gittin' the girl he wanted on the job at the right time.

Through the next few weeks I noticed Don and his nurse were hangin' around together most of the time, even though he was past the stage of needin' any nursin'. A blind man could see Don was head over heels in love.

One evenin', as I came up to the ranch after ridin' all day in the hills, Don was waitin' for me at the corrals.

"Ike," he said, "tell me how you came to send for Lucille Dickerson."

So I up and told him how it all happened. He listened through my story without buttin' in, but I was puzzled by a smile on his face that grew as I went along.

"Well, old-timer," he said after I'd finished, "now that it's turned out right for me, I'll tell you something. The girl I was calling for when I was delirious was Lucille Hopkins—the one I was in love with for years, the one whose turndown drove me West. Lucille Dickerson was just an acquaintance." He grinned at me. "I guess it's a good thing I was out of my head, or I'd have been just crazy enough to tell you that you were sending for the wrong Lucille."

I looked at the woman-hater and shook my head.

"Men are so damned unreliable," I said.

THE END



TINSEL LADY

● A NEW, TENSE ADVENTURE
ENTERS THE STORY AS ITS
HEROINE FACES A PROBLEM:
"I MUSTN'T FALL IN LOVE"

by CHANNING
POLLOCK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES BRYSON

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

ANN CUTLER'S spectacular rise to stardom as the sensation of Paris in the Folies-Bergère began when Roberta White, a chorine, helped her get a job in the Miss Cleopatra Company in Washington, D. C., where Ann lived with her shiftless father. To convent-bred Ann it was the start of a career that meant the fulfillment, in part at least, of her glorious dreams of a life of fame, glamour, and romance; and to accept it she rejected Charlie Binns, a likable lad who hoped to become a success in the grocery business.

With Roberta she went from the Miss Cleopatra show into the Ziegfeld Follies and eventually to Paris, where their specialty act, featuring Ann's composition, Lonely Rivers, became an overnight sensation. She met Andrew Price Gordon, London's richest merchant, and, although married, his attentiveness and deep admiration for her soon resulted in a warm friendship. Gradually Ann came to rely on his good judgment in her own affairs. When her father, J. Benton Cutler, who, with carefree song-writer Joe Luck, had accompanied the girls to Europe, became involved with a cocotte and caused considerable worry to Ann, Price sent him to London as manager of one of his store departments. And when Roberta wrenched her ankle it was Price who hustled her off to the American Hospital.

As a Christmas present he gave Ann a lavishly furnished apartment. Then suddenly Price's manner changed. He became jealous. He even tried to discourage her from seeing Sebastian Dufresne, France's noted artist, who wished to paint her and hang the picture in the spring Salon next to his other masterpiece posed by the daring young aviator, Tony Madriguera. But Ann was not to be deprived of this honor.

For her birthday—Ann's twentieth—she and Gordon had planned a small party. But before noon of the day, he called and canceled all plans. Ann went alone to a little restaurant. On entering she came face to face with Price and his wife. He completely ignored Ann.

Above them, Price Gordon stood. He saw Ann's copper head and identified it.



SLOWLY the startled eyes grew calm, and Gordon's thin hands fastened the cloak in front of his wife's throat. Then he turned again to the *vestiaire*. "Merci, Marie. A bientôt."

"A bientôt, monsieur. Merci beaucoup."

Without so much as another glance, he walked past Ann and escorted his wife to the street. A moment later the familiar limousine appeared, and they were gone.

The *vestiaire* grinned. She had been in charge of many coatrooms and had seen things like this happen before. Ann carried that grin in a smarting subconsciousness to the wall-side table, where she sat, pretending to look at the menu.

So that's what it came to—being "exactly the same as married"? "They belonged to each other." What nonsense! She belonged to Price—he'd bought and paid for her—but Gordon belonged to that woman—that tall gray-haired blonde woman with the thin, straight, tightly closed mouth who had been with him that first night at the Folies-Bergère. "We're not ashamed of this—either of us," Ann had boasted to Roberta. Well, she should have been, and Price certainly was. Ashamed of *her*. Scared to death that the wife to whom he really belonged might suspect that he had even a nodding acquaintance with the girl he kept to kiss and lie to in the Avenue Elysée *reclus*.

"Well, at last I know where I stand," Ann told herself, avoiding the still-amused glance of the *vestiaire* as she left the restaurant. "I know where I stand." But she wasn't very clear as to

Without another glance, he walked past Ann and escorted his wife to the street.



what she was going to do about it. Anyway, she'd pop in on Dufresne. There was no use wasting the afternoon now, and not the slightest reason why she shouldn't do anything she wanted to do.

The little studio door back of Michelangelo's Moses was wide open. Ann slipped in. Under the window skylight stood Dufresne's painting of *Soleils Levants*. Against a background of blue sky and white clouds the dark gray bulk of a plane pointed up—up—straight at the rising sun. In the cockpit sat the kind of man Ann always had pictured as her doer of mighty deeds. The sun shone straight into his lean keen face, with its square jaw and protuberant chin; its sharp steel-gray eyes under bushy brows and a head bare except for its roof of shining black hair. One hand was visible, clasp the wheel with a grip full of strength and determination. Ann could understand why Dufresne had wanted to "paint that young man and call the picture Daring."

Slowly she walked across the room, her eyes fixed on the canvas. And then, suddenly, she became aware of some one standing in the shadow, a few paces to the left of the easel. He, too, had been looking at the painting, but he had turned, his attention distracted by her step, and was looking at Ann now. With a little gasp, she realized that she was facing the flesh-and-blood original of the man in the picture.

Tony Madriguera of course.

Ann's gaze turned back to the portrait.

"Your picture, isn't it?" she asked rather stupidly.

The young man was taking her in with frank admiration. His steel-gray eyes were alight, and he smiled with a smile that was inviting and a little bit insolent.

"Yes," he answered at last in soft English with a slight accent. "Yes, it's my picture. Do you like me? I hope so, for already I like you—*very much*."

Ann liked him very much too—so much that, startled, she retreated a step, and inquired austerely, "Where's M. Dufresne?"

"Dufresne?" Tony echoed, as though he were hearing the name for the first time. "I don't know. I've mislaid him. He was here a moment ago, and then he wasn't here. Does it matter?"

"I think I'll be going," Ann said. "I came for a sitting, but—"

"Then be seated." Madriguera smiled, placing a small folding chair for her. "Papa Dufresne will be back presently, and he's finished with me. There was a slight operation on my nose—nothing more. You were on this easel when I entered—nearly finished, too. I hope they hang us together at the Salon. Have you lunched, or shall we run out for a brioche?"

"I have lunched," Ann said discreetly.

"Have you dined?"

Ann laughed in spite of herself. This was too good.

"Yes—last night."

"How about tonight?"

This young man had to be sat on.

"I haven't met you," Ann said, laughing again, and once more in spite of herself.

"How true! Permit me. Mad'moiselle Ann Cutler of the Folies-Bergère, may I present Antonio Madriguera of Paris-London Airways?"

"And who's to present the presenter?"

"Oh, I couldn't possibly introduce you to *him*. He's a wild fellow, who has no business to know ladies. Real ladies I mean, of course. Let's forget him and go in search of that brioche. I'm starving."

"You go," Ann advised. "I'll wait here for M. Dufresne."

"All right; I'll wait too, and my hunger be on your head."

Dufresne was back in twenty minutes, but Ann knew Madriguera very well by that time. Laughing, bantering, advancing and retreating verbally, he had told her all about himself—of his adventures in New York and Paris and, above all, in Morocco. Ann never had seen any one else so vitally alive. She never had heard any one else touch so lightly on hair-raising exploits. "I was flying over the desert, and then—crash!—I was walking over the desert with two Arab rifles stuck in my ribs."

"Did they hurt you?"

"What—the rifles? No; they tickled, but I had a bullet in my shoulder and another in my chin. That one didn't stay there. It just called and left a card. Ugly, this scar, isn't it?"

Ann thought it added to the devil-may-care attractiveness of his face.

"How do you like the Folies-Bergère?" Tony asked.

"Oh, it's a job."

"I've seen you twice, and it was I who sent Papa Dufresne to see you. I'm in London one night, and here the next, you know."

Dufresne returned then, and Ann sat, while the light lasted—after the master had shooed Madriguera out of the room.

"Shall I never see you again?" he asked Ann in the doorway.

"I'm afraid not."

"This is my evening in Paris."

"This is one of my evenings at the Folies-Bergère."

"And before then?"

"Before then it's my birthday, and I'm having a party."

"I shall be at the Folies-Bergère," Madriguera said. "If you find yourself free for supper, raise your hand—like this—as the curtain is falling, and I'll be waiting at the stage entrance."

"Be careful of that young scoundrel," Dufresne advised Ann, and she was careful—so careful that she sang *Lonesome River* that night with her hands clasped behind

FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

The heart of fashion is in the Highlands these days, what with the eyes of the smart world on the bonny bride of the last English prince to be married.

The latest Paris fad is to wear a silver-sheathed Highland dagger set with cairngorms mounted as a brooch and pinned over the heart of one's tweed-suit jacket, or a smaller pin outside the wrist of the coat sleeve.

Pebble necklaces, fobs, and buckles are also favored, and the youngest elegantes are going very Highland Mary in Scotch kilties, sporran and everything, for the new skating and ski suits.

DORAMILLER.



her. Gordon hadn't appeared for dinner, but had sent flowers and a note saying he was occupied and would bring her gift the next day, as he wanted to present it himself. Evidently he thought that would square everything. "Not much. I know where I stand now."

That very knowledge was what kept Ann's hands behind her. Tony was too fascinating; too handsome and romantic. "I mustn't fall in love," Ann thought. "That would merely make matters worse. It's bad enough to have made this mistake, but if I'm going to drift from one man to another—"

She didn't mention Madriguera to Roberta, and of course she said nothing about her encounter at the Rabelais. That would have been too humiliating. Because of her silence, Ann had to go alone to the studio next day, but there was no sign of Tony. To her genuine disgust with herself, Ann was disappointed. It was a long sitting too. The picture was almost finished now. "By the first of next week I shall be able to send it to the committee," Dufresne announced. "With me, that's a mere formality. Both pictures will be hung when the Salon opens at the end of May."

"Together?" Ann asked, instantly recalling the hope of Madriguera.

DISGUST and disappointment combined had made Ann very irritable when Gordon finally showed up that evening. His own attitude didn't help. Ann had expected to find him full of apologies. He was only faintly amused. "What in the world ever took you to the Rabelais? I thought you were lunching at home."

"I thought *you* had a business engagement."

"It certainly wasn't pleasure," Price smiled. "Mrs. Gordon turned up unexpectedly on her way from the Riviera, and somebody'd been telling tales out of school."

"So you said you didn't know me?"

"Of course."

"Why 'of course'?" Ann asked ominously.

"Because I hate rows. Every man does. That's the hold you have over us. Women rather enjoy 'em. Emotional orgies."

Ann said, "And when it came to choosing between a row with your wife and cutting me—publicly—"

"You didn't want a scene, did you? There'd have been one—and a *very* public scandal. My wife recognized you, and, as I say, she'd heard stories. I'm sorry, Ann. I didn't enjoy it any more than you did."

Price had come prepared for a treaty of peace with reparations.

"Here's your birthday gift, Ann. And we're going to have a real birthday party as soon as I can manage it."

"Thank you."

"Aren't you going to open the box?"

"If you like."

She lifted the cover, revealing a necklace and earrings of square-cut emeralds.



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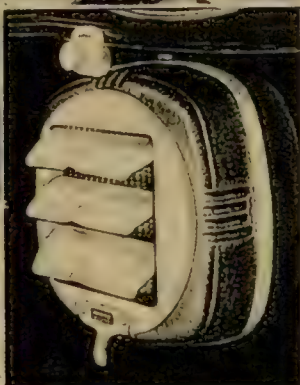
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"Put them on." It was more of a command than a request.

Gordon was getting angry too, now; one of his cold vicious tempers.

Ann fastened the necklace around her bare throat.

"Don't you like it?"

"Very much."

"Is that all?"

"What more do you want?"

"What more do *you* want? I've said I'm sorry for what happened yesterday. If that isn't enough—"

"If that isn't enough you'll bring some more emeralds."

There was nothing cold about Ann's temper.

There was nothing but scorn in her tone—sneering, insulting.

IN a flash Gordon's hand was at her throat. He tore off the necklace and put his foot on it. Then he rang the bell for the butler. "Bring my hat and coat," he ordered, "and then brush up that mess."

Ann stood, very rigid and erect, until the servant left the room. She was wrong, and she knew it. She knew he loved her—too much, if anything—and that he had done the only thing he could do at the Rabelais. If she spoke, Price would think she regretted losing the emeralds. But she *must* speak.

"I don't want the necklace now," she declared. "I don't want anything; but I could bite out my tongue for having said what I said. You haven't deserved that."

The butler returned.

"Take back the coat," Gordon bade him. "I shan't go yet. And never mind—that thing."

A moment later Ann was in his arms.

That night she picked up the necklace and tossed it into a top drawer. Neither she nor Gordon ever mentioned it again.

The next morning she took Roberta with her to the studio, and not for nothing. Before the sitting was finished, Madriguera appeared, almost breathless. "Just back from London. Came here straight from the landing field. How was the birthday party?"

"Postponed."

Tony laughed.

"And you had only to lift your hand. I was in the third row and I'd've come back anyway, but you looked so forbidding. I'm an old campaigner, and I can smell danger."

Roberta was an old campaigner too, and *she* could smell danger. "I'd walk round that guy as if he was a lake," she told Ann. "You don't want to jump from the frying pan into the fire."

"You mean I've got to stick—"

"Well, I would, until you've made something like permanent arrangements. The only twenty-four-carat guy you ever knew was Charlie Binns—and you gave him the gate."

"Oh, Charlie!" Ann said.

Charlie had been writing less and less frequently and more and more about his own business.

DEAR ANN: Well, I got my own place now. I mean the grocery store in Soudersburg. It's in awful shape, but it's going to be different. I made a good bargain—fifteen hundred cash, fifteen hundred more in six months, and then fifty-fifty on the profits until the thing's paid for. If I can borrow enough, I'm going to tear out the front of the store, and fix it so people almost walk in before they know it. . . .

DEAR ANN: Well, here I am in Soudersburg. Got here, bag and baggage, last night. I came in a bus because that was cheaper, and I'm living in a funny boardinghouse, because I want to get the store paid for and buy another I got my eye on three miles from here. I guess it sounds funny to be writing all this to a girl that's got Paris at her feet, but you know where I stand, and if you make up your mind some day, I'm going to be ready. There's a swell little house around the corner from the store that would just fit you. Oh, well, I guess it sounds foolish to be talking about that now. What would you be doing to get married to a guy in the grocery business? But you never can tell. Anyway, it don't do any harm to keep on wishing. It makes me work all the harder, and I remain very respectfully your old pal, CHARLIE.

Somehow the letters made Ann wistful. Roberta was right, as usual—Charlie was a "twenty-four-carat guy." But he *was* "a guy," and she *had* given him "the gate." How did she know that he'd care to reopen it? These recent letters said nothing of "winning" her. They spoke of his continued "wishing," but how long would that last if Charlie knew about Gordon? That wasn't the kind of thing the Charlie Binnses forgave.

"I *am* decent," Ann assured herself fiercely. "I made a mistake, but it isn't irreparable. Only, I mustn't go off the deep end again. I've got to be careful of Tony."

That wasn't so easy. In the first place, deciding to stick to Gordon was one thing, and enjoying it quite another. Not so hotly as on that day, but even more clearly, Ann knew where she stood now. Very definitely in second place.

ON the other hand, Gordon had been good to her. She couldn't walk out on him. And if she did, where should she go? Certainly not back to the hotel in the Rue de Rivoli. Ann had realized the impossibility of that the night of the party there. Nothing to do but stick. And "I've got to be careful of Tony."

As aforesaid, that wasn't easy. Ann had to go to the studio, and Madriguera was there every day he wasn't in London. Roberta had abandoned her too. "I'm sorry, but I'm no duenna—whatever that is. Gordon's been kind to me, and I won't have any share in double-crossing him."

"Do you think I will?"

"Did you think you'd fall for Price? A girl never knows what she's going to do until after she's done it."

"You make me mad, Bobbie. Anybody'd think there was a law against sitting in the same room with a man."

"Depends on the room," Bobbie flung back laconically, "and on the man."

Madriguera wasn't the type of man with whom a woman discusses the weather. However a conversation began, it ended intimately. At the end of a week Ann felt as though she had broken all ten Commandments. Never for a moment was she unconscious of his presence or of his sex.

Madriguera had no compunctions. He knew about Gordon—Dufresne had told him—and didn't care a damn. "To the victor belong the spoils"—that was Madriguera's creed. Dufresne warned him. "Look here, Tony, I can't afford to make an enemy of Gordon. He's a rich man—and he has a long memory. Wait until I get through with this picture, and then see the girl anywhere you like. But I won't have my studio used as a meeting place."

MADRIGUERA was enjoying himself. He liked bringing the blood to Ann's cheekbones and watching it recede as he pretended to have meant nothing of the sort he did mean. The infernal painting made reserve difficult. It was almost finished now; Ann posed, fully clothed, while Dufresne tried to get something he had missed in her eyes. But for that new something he would have turned Tony out unceremoniously. There was beginning to be something very inviting in those eyes. The artist in Dufresne was stronger than the businessman. What was the use of Ann's clothing? Her head was above it, and her almost-naked body there on that easel.

Twice Ann went with Madriguera to sidewalk cafés. There was no harm in that, surely. "Who will object? And why? And how—if he doesn't know? I'm proposing a Pernod, not a love philter. It's very flattering, your being afraid of me, but what can I do—at a sidewalk café?"

Ann often was almost angry with Tony, but he began to be in her blood. She felt guilty when she looked at Gordon. "Why doesn't Bobbie go with you to the studio any more?"

"I don't know."

"I thought you told me Dufresne smoked a pipe, Ann."

"He does."

"And you don't smoke, do you?"

"No. Why?"

"Nothing."

That night Ann's maid said, "Shall I wash madame's hair? There is a very strong odor of cigarettes, madame."

Gordon asked, "When will that con-founded picture be finished?"

"The end of this week. The Salon opens May twenty-second."

This guilty feeling was making Ann's situation more than ever unbearable. Half a dozen times she and Gordon narrowly escaped quarrels. She was fast making up her mind to leave him, when a decidedly

worrisome message came from J. Benton. He had been very silent of late. "Too busy playing Romeo to Mrs. Saintsbury's Juliet," Price had suggested. "Your father's going to get himself talked about. He's got an evening coat fitted in at the waist, and every morning he comes to the office with a fresh gardenia in his buttonhole."

The picture had been finished nearly a month now, and Ann found her newly unoccupied time hanging heavily. Gordon came to the flat almost every evening, but that had become a dull and even vexatious routine. Roberta had taken to spending most of her free hours at that "awful homey" house in the suburbs. She and the young naturalist, Jean Baptiste, Jr., went on long expeditions to examine plants and birds' nests. Often, when they returned, Roberta stayed to cook dinner. "In the darlingest little kitchen," she said, "full of copper pots and the most wonderful earthen casseroles."

That was certainly better than her own way of living, Ann thought. But, on the other hand, if one could have been married to somebody one's own age—somebody dashing and handsome, and—well, yes; why should she be afraid of the word?—glamorous. Madriguera kept calling her up. Now that she no longer saw him at the studio, he even waited for her at the corner. She was afraid Gordon would find out, and the fear made her angry.

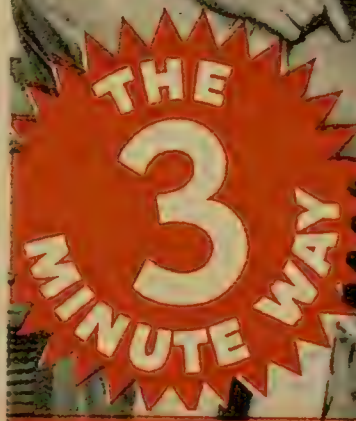
And then, one afternoon toward the end of May, she came back from a stroll in the Tuileries to find that disturbing letter from her father.

"MY DEAR LITTLE DAUGHTER:" J. Benton wrote. "Once more I am compelled by circumstances over which I have no control to come to you for help. For prompt help this time, and without asking questions. I must have a thousand pounds immediately"—the "immediately" was thrice underscored. "This seems a large sum, but I will repay it as soon as my affairs are settled. I can't tell you what I mean by that, since you always have been inclined to misjudge me, but I may add that at this moment I am standing between defeat and a position of security in which I shall never need to trouble you again. The deciding factor is that thousand pounds. If I don't get it, I am a ruined man, and you are ruined with me. I remain your ever devoted FATHER."

ANN'S quick mind instantly explained that letter, which explained a great many things—among them how a man could pay ten pounds a week for a flat on a salary of eight pounds. "Your father's taken over our charity work," Gordon had told her. Charity work involved handling funds. "That's it," Ann decided very quietly, standing, still gloved and hatted, letter in hand, beside a table in her cozy library.

What should she do? "I can't ask Price for a thousand pounds," she reflected, "and I won't. Not now, anyway. I'll sell some of my jewelry. It's

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full of Pep!..."



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*Longer if you wish



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because
you
chew it**

mine. But Price notices everything. I wonder whether those birthday emeralds would bring a thousand pounds. I've never had them on. Price wouldn't miss them. Any way I do it, it's Price's money. I can't spend it and leave him. And if I don't spend it but leave him, and then he discovers that father's an embezzler, he'll never let up on us. How do I know father's an embezzler? I'm jumping at conclusions. I'd better find out."

The telephone here was too dangerous. She taxied to the Ritz, and there, at six o'clock, tried to get J. Benton's flat in London. No answer. If she left word with the operator, or telegraphed J. Benton to call her, the message would be sure to come while she was with Gordon. Anyway, butlers were dangerous too. In the end she wired her father: "Will telephone your flat tomorrow evening at six. Important." She handed the form to a clerk, who said, "With great pleasure, Mademoiselle Cutler. Couldn't you get the gentleman on the phone?"

The next day was May 22 and the first day of the spring Salon. There were all sorts of festivities, but Ann wouldn't have attended them anyway. She was afraid of that portrait. She was afraid of everything now. What an intolerable situation. She was a prisoner about to escape, and her own father had locked her in.

Just after noon she had a cable from J. Benton: "Telephone risky. Discussion leads nowhere. - Must have check before Saturday or face consequences. J. B. C."

The jumped-at conclusion was evidently the correct one.

Ann didn't see the evening papers and so didn't learn from them that her portrait was an even greater sensation than *The Lady in Yellow* had been. Dufresne came to the theater that night. Ann thought he was drunk, but discovered that emotion had been his only stimulant. "This is my master work. Every one agrees to that. There are crowds around the canvas—people waiting in line to see it. Each of us has made the other more famous. And you are not even excited. You Anglo-Saxons—wooden, all of you. But you *must* go tomorrow, Ann. Otherwise I shall feel humiliated. Go in the morning—before the mobs arrive."

"Will you go tomorrow?" Ann asked Roberta.

"I was there most of today. I felt sure of finding you there. M. Dufresne isn't exaggerating, Ann. You're a riot."

"Well, then, come with me."

"I can't. I've promised my naturalist a picnic in the Bois. Why don't you take Gordon?"

"You know why."

"Well, then, slip in alone for a few minutes before noon. Nobody'll recognize you—with your clothes on."

It didn't really matter. Nothing mattered much, except news from London. "Must have check before Saturday." Why Saturday? Were accountants to go over her father's books then?

Exhausted by worry—a worry she didn't dare confide even to Roberta—Ann slept until nearly eleven. Then she dashed out of the flat, breakfastless, except for a sip

of coffee. A taxi took her to the Grand Palais—a prodigious stone building standing in an open square just off the Champs Elysées. A big sign announced the spring Salon.

In the vast ground-floor concourse the sculpture was exhibited. It was far more spacious than the concourse at either of New York's railway stations. Under the glass roof hung a canopy of translucent white cloth, tempering what otherwise would have been a glaring light. The place was like a park, with broad graveled paths edged with sod, and statuary everywhere. Directly opposite the entrance was a restaurant in which an orchestra played. There was no partition between the concourse

and the café, flanked by two curving stairways leading to the scores of upper rooms, large and small, in which the paintings were hung. The outer walls of these rooms, skirted by a balcony that ran around the park, were covered with paintings too. The concourse was open all the way up to the glass roof which lighted this balcony. Sparrows flew about in the huge space entirely at home as they would have been in an unenclosed garden.

Ann mounted the steps and walked through the galleries.

"Ann" hung in the center of a comparatively unoccupied wall opposite the archway into a rather small gallery. There was nothing else on the wall, except *Rising Suns* and a large painting of an Arab on horseback, and half a dozen much more modest efforts. The girl in the middle picture looked pretty bare under the strong lights of a reflector. It was a startling canvas, with its black background—so real that one almost suspected the artist of having pasted velvet behind the figure that stood with its pink-and-white flesh in the glare of the unseen footlights. There were a dozen people in front of the portrait, and only one man looking at *Rising Suns*.

The one man was Tony Madriguera.

He saw Ann at once, and joined her under the archway. She was amused at noting that he wore his flying togs. Ann had been afraid that she would

be recognized; Tony had feared that he wouldn't be.

"It's an odd situation, isn't it," he asked—"looking at yourself?"

"Ssh, Tony!"

"Oh, these people won't turn around. They'd rather see painted nakedness than actual covered flesh. If *you'd* worn *your* costume now—"

"Did Dufresne tell you I was coming?"

"I haven't seen Dufresne in a fortnight."

"There's always the telephone," Ann said.

"Is there? Not in your flat. I called three times the day before yesterday—between five and six."

"I was out—trying to get London on the wire. My father's in trouble. I'm very much worried."

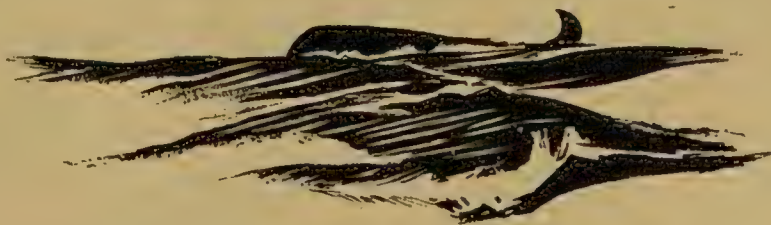
"What's the old boy been up to?"

"I can't tell you—here."

"All right; let's go down and have luncheon. There's nobody there yet, and you can unbosom yourself."

Ann longed to unbosom herself. Her secret was becoming too heavy to be borne alone. Madriguera was

'Tisn't So by R. E. Doan



A WHALE does not spout water. A whale rises to the surface for air from every five to forty-five minutes—depending upon his lung capacity. His first act is to expel the used air from his lungs. This air is naturally moist and warm and, since this usually occurs in a cold climate, the resulting effect of such air expulsion appears to be water. Also, sometimes the whale starts to expel air before its nostrils, or blowholes, are clear of the water. The expelled air thus forces a stream of water upward in this manner.

RAINBOWS do not always contain all colors of the spectrum. They may have as few as one or two colors, although most of us are accustomed to thinking of them as being very beautiful—often speaking of "all the colors of the rainbow."

HOBSON'S CHOICE does not refer to Richmond P. Hobson, the naval hero who sank the collier *Merrimac* in Santiago Harbor. In the seventeenth century, in Cambridge, England, Tobias Hobson kept a livery stable. It was his custom to let his horses out only in rotation, not as desired by customers. His favorite expression was, "This or none." His feeling was that in this manner each customer was equally well served and the horses were treated better. Thus "Hobson's choice" has come to mean no choice at all.

MISTLETOE is not confined to oak trees. Although popularly associated only with the oak, mistletoe is frequently found on apple, ash, poplar, and other trees.

BOMBAY DUCK is not duck. Despite its name, Bombay duck has no connection with duck. It is the bummalo, an Asiatic fish, and is commonly used in India as a relish.

a man of the world; he might know what to do. And, besides, Ann was hungry. Almost faint, in fact. The coffee hadn't proved very sustaining.

"Come on, then," she said. "I've seen enough of that picture during the past few months."

Downstairs, in the restaurant, she told Tony almost everything.

"I'm sorry, Ann. Waiter, bring a bottle of Barsac. It's very light, Ann, and rather sweet. Won't hurt you a bit. Number twenty-two, waiter. We all have that sort of experience. Still, you may be mistaken. This Mrs. Saintsbury now—maybe the old boy—beg your pardon, Ann—only wants the money to make an impression. Why don't you run over to London and see for yourself?"

"How can I? I'm giving a show every night."

"Fly."

"Back and forth in twelve hours?"

"Why not? Look here, Ann. One of my bosses has a private plane. I've borrowed it twice. He doesn't mind, if I pay for the gasoline. We could leave here after the show, and you could pop in on your father for breakfast. You'd have practically the whole day with him. I'd get you back for dinner, and nobody the wiser."

"I've never been up."

"It's ever so much less exciting than a taxi ride."

Ann shook her head.

"If any one knew I'd gone to London—I can't tell any one the reason, of course. And it wouldn't help if any one found that I'd been with you."

"Does any one spend the night at your flat?"

Ann flushed.

"Does any one spend every night?"

Ann shook her head again.

"Then why should any one know? Tell the servants you're staying with Bobbie. She'll back you up, won't she—if you need her? All right. Meet me tonight after the show on the sidewalk in front of the Restaurant Marguery. That's only around the corner from the Folies-Bergère. I'll taxi you out to the flying field and deliver you anywhere you say at any hour you want to be delivered."

Anyway, this method didn't involve lying. She'd be back for dinner, and not even Gordon could suspect that since dinner tonight she'd crossed the Channel and spent a morning in England.

"It's a go," she said. "I'll come to the Marguery after the show."

They walked out of the restaurant together. That wine hadn't been so light, after all.

Ann felt very giddy. Tony took her left hand in his, and put his arm around her waist.

Just above them, on the curving stairway from the balcony, Price Gordon stood, holding on to the rail.

He had stopped to examine the sole of his shoe, which had picked up something sticky.

Glancing down, he saw Ann's copper head and identified it.

Certainly a very precarious situation for Ann. What will she do if Price learns of her contemplated trip with Tony? And what—if she does visit J. Benton—will she learn there? How will it all affect her tangled and tensioned life now? Read next week's installment for surprising turns.

GOOD BOOKS

by OLIVER SWIFT

★★★★ **WITH NAPOLEON IN RUSSIA** from the Memoirs of General de Caulaincourt. William Morrow & Company

A unique and intimate record of the emperor's thoughts and feelings by one who was in close continuous relations with him at the peak of his power, and who held almost constant conversations with him for thirteen days during the Russian expedition. The general was Napoleon's political adviser over a long period, a sort of French Colonel House, and these memoirs paint a comprehensive picture—biography, history, and memoirs all in one—and enchanting reading.

★★★★ **THE GINKGO TREE** by Cora Jarrett. Farrar & Rinehart.

An absorbing story of human emotions. The characters live. You are part of them. Don't miss it.

★★★★ **GOVERNMENT IN BUSINESS** by Stuart Chase. The Macmillan Company.

A brilliant interpretation of the New Deal and other New Deals that must follow if the United States is to pass without disaster from individualism to collectivism in business. It is possible to admire the author's lucid analysis of the world-wide collapse of capitalism following the World War without agreeing with his conclusion that the state must guarantee security, including not only bread but cake.

★★★★ **GREEN RUSHES** by Maurice Walsh. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

A charming story of five pairs of lovers. Ireland—the Black and Tans. A lot of trouble, happiness, love, fighting, told as only Mr. Walsh can tell it.

★★★½ **THE CLUE OF THE RISING MOON** by Valentine Williams. Houghton Mifflin Company.

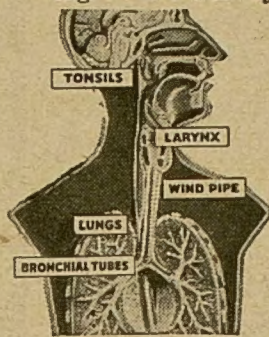
Trevor Dene of Scotland Yard turns up on a vacation in the Adirondacks and solves a murder in his usual and clever fashion.

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IT HAPPENED IN...

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—Mrs. Olivia Mendonca told police that she does not care how many times her home is burglarized as long as the method used by one intruder is employed.

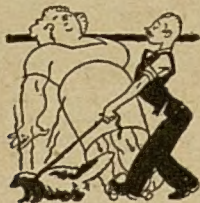
The woman returned from a shopping tour and saw some one scuttle out of her apartment by the front door as she entered the rear. As soon as she had recovered from fright, she searched the place to make an inventory of the loot.

On the kitchen floor she found five dollars. It was the burglar's, dropped in his flight.

Only two dollars of Mrs. Mendonca's was missing from the house.



LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Her husband, Howard Musick, kept a skunk in their home, Mrs. Maude Musick testified in the course of the couple's divorce action.



NEW YORK, N. Y.—Three persons stood before Magistrate Thomas A. Aurelio, all three claiming ownership of the same dog. "Take turns speaking to him; we'll see which one gets the dog to recognize his master's voice," said the magistrate. The dog apparently was oblivious to the efforts of the three to summon him.

Finally the magistrate tried. "Hey, dog!" he called. The dog rushed to the bench in response.



NEW DEAL ALMANAC

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—Garment Workers Union.

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COVER BY WALTER M. BAUMHOFER

AND NEXT WEEK IN LIBERTY

CRIME CRAZY

A WILL IRWIN study of the causes of crime among children and how adolescent crime can be reduced! Here is a new angle on the national crime problem that is of particular and vital interest to every parent. Has Will Irwin found the key to crime prevention? Be sure to read this startling discussion of juvenile outlaws, Crime Crazy, in next week's Liberty.

Also, KATHLEEN NORRIS tells you the delightful story of romantic Mary Leavenworth, her boardingschool French and the provocative complications that followed when she sold her father the idea of taking her to Paris as interpreter in a secret big-business deal. PRINCE FUMIMARO KONOYE of Japan tells How to Secure Lasting Peace, and ELEANOR POWELL—by word and photo—shows you how to devote Ten Minutes a Day for a Good Figure.

NEXT WEEK IN

Liberty

ON SALE WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27

BOOKS THAT EVERY BOOK LOVER WILL TREASURE

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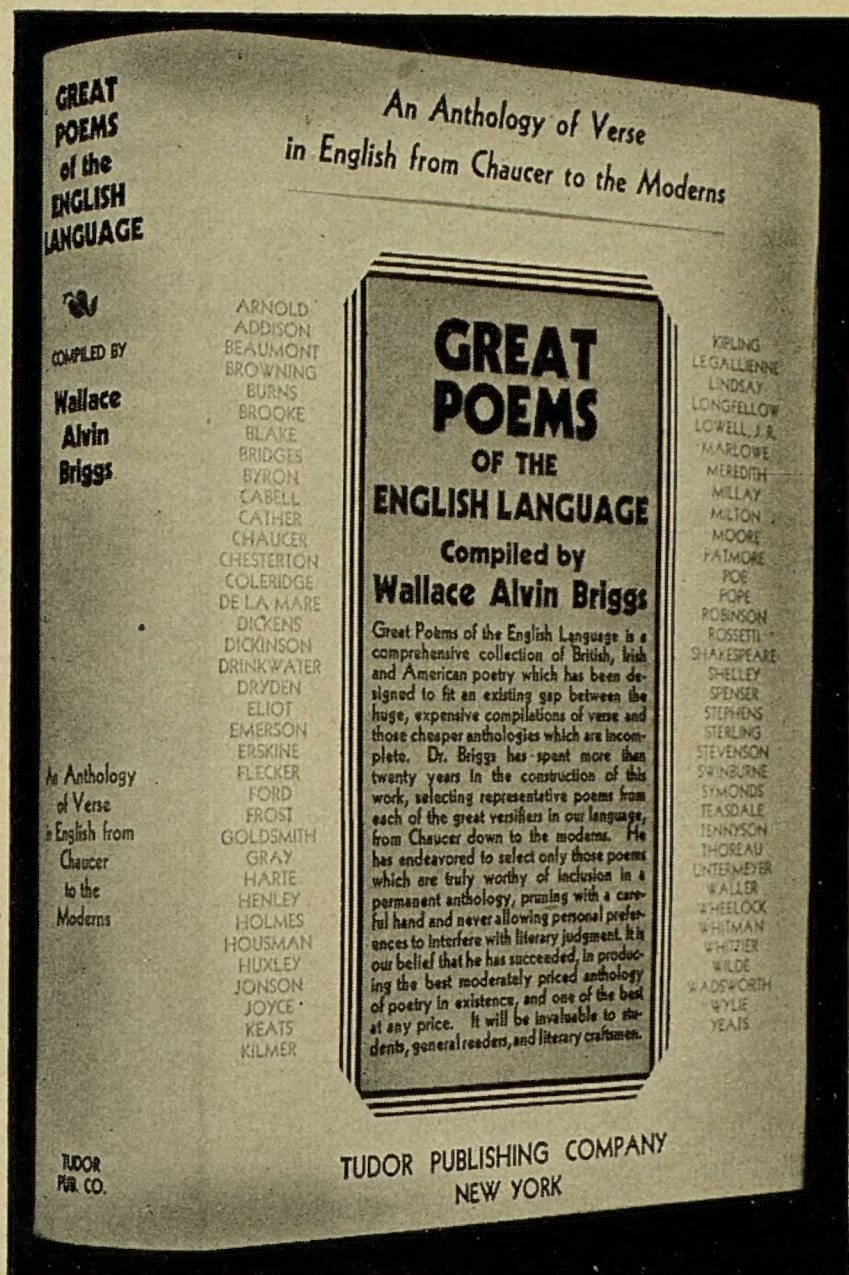
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